



POKEMON NAMELESS

NPC APPRECIATION zINE

POKEMON NONPLAYABLE CHARACTER FANZINE

Pokémon Nameless NPC Appreciation Zine

What do everyday people in the Pokemon world do? What special jobs are there in the Pokemon world that are not in our world? What unique problems and solutions occur? This is the place to see it!

PNNAZ explores the theme of Nonplayer Characters
in the Pokemon world through writing and art!

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Glitch

By Pen



A Glitch Trainer by the name of NINTEN ponders his existence.

Being a Glitch Trainer is a lonely existence, NINTEN finds. The only company he has in the world is his trusty Pokémon.

They've all warped over time. His Maghemite often melts, his.. he doesn't even remember who that Pokemon used to be, but he remembers it's named Clef, and his Psyduck has become a mass of distortion that screams occasionally.

The only one that stays stable is his beloved Shuckle, bb. He can't remember what bb stands for anymore, but he knows that bb is his Starter Pokemon, his Service Pokemon.

bb has been there for him, in good times and bad. It's calmed down NINTEN more times than he can count when the meltdowns get bad. Whatever keeps bb stable while the others aren't, NINTEN can't say. bb is the one that gives NINTEN the most company when the Trainers he fights disappear and he mourns.

They often disappear, his opponents. He would think they were just in his imagination if it weren't for the things they leave behind. Badges, Pokeballs, bags.

Once a Trainer dropped a picture of himself with another man. They seemed happy, smiling with their Pokémon (a Wooper and a Farfetch'd) perched on their shoulders.



They hold hands tightly. It must have been a really special photo to him, because the Trainer had it gripped in his hand when he vanished.

When NINTEN found it, he held it close. In heavy, heaving sobs, he began to cry. bb slid close, lending its tears as well.

That picture is now framed in his home, where he keeps all the things that his opponents drop. He figures they need somebody to remember them, what they were like. Considering he's the one that erased them, it's only just that he be the one to preserve their memories and their beloved Pokemon.

His home is ramshackle, abandoned long ago. He tries to care for it as much as possible, but it's hard, especially when it changes shape every so often. This makes trying to find things – such as the kitchen, the Daycare he set up for all the abandoned Pokemon, or his bedroom – a struggle that can last for hours.

NINTEN would give anything for this to stop. Every day it gets a little less stable, his existence does. He thinks that someday he may unspool into glitch, like some of the Pokemon in his team.

He wonders if that would be a good thing, considering his hellish existence.
He wonders if not.

The day things change is when he finds a letter on the floor of his house, along with a hole in the floor. The hole seems to go down for ages. It makes strange whistling noises.

The letter is addressed to.. he can't see the name. It blurs whenever he tries to see it. He does, however, know that this was his name before he became.. like this, stuck in this existence.



It's odd how much he feels a wellspring of hope come up inside him as he reads.

Dear -----,

We know you exist. We're trying to help you.

For now, send one Pokemon you want to save. We'd like to save more in the future, and you with them, but for now we need to see if this works. Put it in its Pokeball, and toss it through the newly formed hole in your floor. Decide in a day.

Regards,

The International Police

Once he finishes, NINTEN gets an idea.

He fumbles around his house for a pen and paper. It takes a long time to navigate there and back, but he finally gets a writing tool and a piece of paper. He sits on the floor, trying to write, as he lets some of his team roam around.

His drippy Magnemite has taken to hanging from the ceiling. His not-Psyduck is quivering, staring at something he can't see. bb is sitting close, helping him compose his letter. It gently lays an appendage on his knee, talking to him as if to reassure itself.

NINTEN also talks aloud too. He rambles about what he can remember, things he would like to say.

The letter comes together quickly, and finally he's left to ponder which Pokemon to choose.

One of the ones in the Daycare, or one of his own Pokemon. It eats at him.

On one hand, it would be selfish to send one of his own when others could be saved. On the other, it could potentially save his Pokemon from the fate he was suffering. The



situation overwhelms him to the point where he starts crying. His body begins to distort, and it scares him even more.

bb tries to calm him down by singing to him and patting his knee gently. It works, for a little while, but soon it too begins to glitch.

NINTEN looks up at the glitching bb, and his voice catches in his throat.

“No, no no no.. not you, not you, bb.” He’s shaking, and that’s when he makes the choice.

bb sounds so very scared as it makes plaintive cries, trying to hug NINTEN. Its limbs are seizing. NINTEN hugs back.

NINTEN puts the letter in bb’s tentacles before he takes out bb’s Pokeball.

He hasn’t had to use it in years, but he figures now is the time. “bb.. it’s time for you to go.”

He kisses its head, shedding a few tears. “I hope this works..”

bb continues to cry as it spirals into the Pokeball.

NINTEN kisses the Pokeball one more time before he drops it down the hole.

He falls to his knees as it goes down the hole, vanishing from his sight.

He’s still crying. It’s at that moment when he finally remembers what “bb” stood for.

“Bitterberry..”

The International Police agent (Agent Endear, his name was) who had sent the letter was waiting by the portal his Pokemon had opened. Everyone else may have given up on this Trainer’s case, but he was determined to make this right.



At the moment he turned to get a drink, a Pokeball shot out of the portal.
It fell to the ground, rolling before it burst open.

Agent Endear ran over to the Pokemon, checking it over.

A Shiny Shuckle, holding a letter.



Inner Strength

By Oliver Niko

 Oliver__Niko

A chronically ill trainer is helped through the day by his partner Pokémon.

With a deep inhale, I raise my arms above my head, stretching them out. A sound of relief escapes my lips. I lower them with a shake, rolling my shoulders. I could do with visiting my friend's parlour. The paws of her Arcanine work *brilliantly* for massages. Still, the sun is shining through the window. Its brightness is encouraging me to give it my all today. I face each day with more effort than the last, and today, although I might not be at one-hundred percent, I know that I can push it that little more.

"Popp! Popp!"

The familiar sound brings a smile to my face. I beam down at my beloved partner, Popplio. It greets me as it always does, by balancing on its tail with its flippers on my leg.

"Good morning, Popplio," I say. It barks, jumping up into my arms. I laugh as it pushes its face into mine. "Someone's affectionate today."

I stroke its smooth head. I love beginning every day like this. Popplio had been given to me whilst I lived in the Alola region. I moved to Kalos some time ago, however, due to the heat of Alola not being suitable for me. Popplio had to come along, of course. Lots of people in Kalos, who have never seen an Alolan Pokémon in person before, adore it. They always have fun watching its bubbles.

Perhaps one day, I will evolve it, but at the moment we are more than happy for it to remain as Popplio. It has been the perfect partner for me over the years. Why change what is already perfect?

"All systems go today," I say as Popplio jumps down onto the bed. I chuckle as it looks at me sternly. "Don't worry, I'm not going to push it too much. You know what I mean."



Popplio seems satisfied with this answer. The two of us head out of the bedroom and descend the stairs, Popplio watching me closely, although I smile reassuringly.

In the kitchen, Popplio takes charge. It opens the fridge with its tail, picking up what we need with its balloons. It places them down onto the kitchen counters. As I place bread into the toaster, Popplio has already prepared the frying pan.

“Thanks, Popplio,” I say to it.

“Popp!”

I pour food into a bowl on the floor, Popplio not hesitating to dive in. Although as I begin to fry an egg, I notice how it doesn’t stop watching me, ready to jump in and help if necessary.

You see, not only is Popplio my partner, but it has also been trained as my care Pokémon. I was diagnosed with a few chronic illnesses several years ago. Though I appear perfectly healthy and battle as any other trainer would, I deal with pain and fatigue on the daily. It can be quite the struggle.

Long before my diagnoses, I already felt rather ill, yet chose Popplio as my regular partner. It always helped me before we finally received answers. And when I did finally have a name to what I feel, I was offered the chance to be given a trained care Pokémon.

Though I may wish to catch more Pokémon one day, as my best friend who has helped me through the dark and stayed with me during all my hardships, the thought of letting any other Pokémon care for me but Popplio doesn’t appeal to me. I love Popplio with all my heart. And so, this is exactly what I said to them.

I was glad to hear that this is actually rather common. Many people grow attached to their partners and wish for them to be trained. Some Pokémon aren’t quite as suitable, but to my delight, I was told that Popplio is actually a recommended Pokémon for my illnesses.

It is not someone doing all my tasks for me that I require; I can move around even if it is a little difficult. What I need is some assistance to simply make it easier, and give me less repercussion when I fulfil tasks. Popplio love to make balloons. And if they are strong enough, they can pick up all kinds of objects, meaning that Popplio can help me with all sorts of tasks.



So Popplio was taught how to build up the strength of its balloons and what he should do to help. He was also taught to look out for me, spot signs of over-exertion and be sure to nag at me if I do too much.

But it is not all physical. Popplio helps me emotionally, too. It is always wanting to cheer me up. I know that as long as I have Popplio, I will never be without a friend, and I know that Popplio is aware that it is never alone too when I'm here.

I settle down at the table to begin eating my breakfast. Popplio glances up and barks. I can tell that it too is excited for the day, just as much as I am.

As I eat, I reach for a basket I left on the table the night before. It is brimming with berries. Holding onto its side, I reach it down towards Popplio. "It's gotten full, hasn't it?"

Popplio nods, eyes lighting up. I place it back onto the table. Berries are vastly popular in Kalos as well, I've noticed. In Alola, berries actually grow all on their own. No person has to interfere with their growth. Here in Kalos, on the other hand, many have to be planted by hand. Yet they are still popular, everyone making use of the healthy soil scattered all over the region.

It is easy enough to do, especially with Popplio's assistance, and so I ensure to always build up a pile to donate to the Pokémon centre. Some Pokémon are not always injured enough for potions, or they have an injury which could easily be solved by a Rawst or Pecha berry. It saves Nurse Joy a little time and money by donating berries instead rather than have her order extras.

I've learned in life that sometimes, it truly is the smallest things which do the most. A little helping hand can do a great amount. And if you have that opportunity, then why not take it?

After all, Popplio helps me constantly. It's only right that I do the same for others.

*

I step into the Pokémon centre a couple of hours later. It is bustling in here today. Some are simply here to rest it seems, weary from their journey and in dire need of rest. Others are not quite as fortunate. There is a panicked trainer at the counter as I speak.



Nurse Joy is inspecting the leg of their Meowstic and is quick to beckon her Audino to help her take the Pokémon to the back.

“Nicolas!”

I turn at the sound of my name. My eyes find Jeremy, a delivery worker I’ve come to befriend, who delivers Nurse Joy’s stocks of medicine. His Machoke stands close by.

“It’s nice to see you,” I say to him. Popplio greets the pair with a bark. “It sure is busy in here today.”

“I guess it’s one of those days. Lots of battles, I suppose.” Jeremy smiles down at Popplio. Next to my partner is our basket of berries, which it has been carrying in a balloon. “Ah, you have another batch! Brilliant, the centre really needs that today.”

“Popplio is being a huge help as always,” I say.

Jeremy leans down, beaming down at Popplio. “You’re always a helpful chap, aren’t ya?”

Popplio raises up on its tail, clapping its flippers joyfully.

“I can always count on you. Can you give those to Machoke here?”

With a nod of its head, Popplio bounces the bubble up to Machoke’s arms. It catches it in both hands. After giving Popplio a smile, Machoke treks into the Pokémon centre towards the back, where all the stock is located.

Jeremy brings his attention back to me. “You know, it’s on days like this that I especially appreciate the help you give us.”

“It’s the least I can do to give back!”

“Still, for someone who isn’t in the best of shape, you sure do work hard.”

Whilst it’s not as though I speak to everyone about my situation, there are some who must know; Jeremy, for example, is someone who I do end up completing errands with rather often. He can’t exactly be left out of the know when we do work together. After all, if I were to decline things he asks of me, I may simply seem lazy. In reality I know my limits. Others must also know of these limits; I’ve learned of this the hard way.

“It keeps me going a lot of the time,” I say. I glance to the side, noticing that an assistant of Nurse Joy is currently giving a cup of milk to a child. There are tears streaming down his face. My heart sinks; I assume he is worried about his Pokémon.



“So many of us don’t really get noticed. We sort of stay in the backline a lot of the time, doing our thing. Yet what we do is important.”

“That’s true. There’s sure a lot of things in this world we have to keep running. And hey, I might not have my name plastered on posters or have my face on TV, but it feels great to know I’m helping others. You know?”

I nod, smiling. “I definitely do.”

After all, this is what I live by, remembering that I’m not as insignificant as I sometimes fear.

*

Another day brings Popplio and I sitting down amongst the flowers on route seven. I avert my gaze up to the river which drifts by. Its slow, elegant waters put me at peace. The water is brilliantly clear. I can even see fish Pokémon swim underneath the surface. I sketch out the stream loosely; I want to capture the motion of the water accurately. This is another hobby I enjoy despite how my circumstances would suggest otherwise. Artists are often unnoticed people, passed by with no one noticing. It can be a lonely life. Yet I personally find it to be the opposite; I smile at Georgia, an elderly artist who sits at his easel near me.

“It hasn’t moved yet,” I say, gesturing my head towards the Flabébé the man is painting. It is nestled amongst the flowers, blending in almost, for its own yellow flower is the same as those in the flowerbed. “I think it’s enjoying you painting it.”

“I am certainly not complaining. Drawing real Pokémon can be quite the task sometimes.”

I grin, glancing down at Popplio by my side. I have drawn it a number of times. Sometimes it is rather easy, but whenever we try a new pose—such as Popplio balancing a bubble on the tip of its nose—we tend to struggle. Popplio can lose its balance before I am finished. We end up laughing together, before trying to recapture the same angle and pose we had previously.

“Show me the moment it’s done,” I say to him, always excited to see this old master’s progress. He gives me a thumbs up.



“I wish for the exact same from yourself.”

This poses somewhat of a challenge for me. Eager to impress, I get back to work, feeling Popplio’s nose rest against my leg. Yet it is not long before I have a distraction. There are people in this world who stand out. Though their appearance may not be all that different from any other person, there is simply something about them which says they are different. It could be their aura. You look at them and think to yourself, ‘*this is one of them.*’ A person who will dramatically change the world in some way.

She walks closer with her long blonde hair and red high-waisted skirt, blowing gently in the wind. An ordinary-looking girl who will do extraordinary things. That is the vibe I receive from her, and the same goes for Georgia, who is looking at the girl with a smile himself.

“I suppose I should battle her,” he says, taking a Pokéball from his pocket.

Minutes later, the battle has commenced. Popplio and I watch as he sends out his Smeargle. The battle is entertaining, and though I silently cheer for my dear friend, I know what the outcome will be. And as the girl walks away and Georgia is tending to his worn out Pokémon, it turns out I am correct.

“Here,” I say, handing over a leftover Citrus berry. He thanks me and feeds it to his Pokémon, who accepts it graciously.

“You’ll do better next time, won’t you, Smeargle?” says Georgia, receiving a cry of agreement. “That’s right. Losses are only part of the journey, after all.”

“I’ve been thinking that Popplio and I should start training more for battling. We do so a little already, but I’d love to delve into it far more.”

Georgia eyes me curiously. “Is that so? You do already take a lot on. I worry at times.”

“I might have limitations, but it’s not as though they paralyse me,” I say. Popplio rests its head on my lap, and I smile, stroking its smooth head. “As long as I know when I’m pushing it too much and rest when I need, I can do anything. I simply have to have my own way of life and take it at my own pace.”

“You certainly have shown great potential for battling already, and you’ve shown you’re capable of managing yourself with all the help you give behind the scenes. I think you’d both do well.”



“Thank you. And what do *you* say, Popplio?” I ask my friend, who peers up at me with glistening eyes. “Would you maybe like to battle more?”

“Popp!”

“But who would look after you when Popplio needs rest?”

This causes me to hesitate, but my smile is soon to return. “I can do enough on my own when Popplio needs rest himself. We’ll figure it out, like we always do.”

It seems as though Popplio is in full agreement, for he continues to smile up at me, excited by the same prospect.

*

Fatigue has truly sank in now it is evening. I let out a sigh as I fall down onto the bed on my back, arms outstretched either side. I feel a tugging on my feet; Popplio removing my shoes.

“Who needs a humanoid Pokémon when I have someone as great as you?” I ask.

Popplio lets out a bark, jumping up on the bed besides me. It presses the back of its flipper to my head and, when it feels that the skin has heated up, it brings a wash cloth over from the nightstand in a bubble and lets the now damp material fall on my forehead.

“I might be feeling it tomorrow,” I say. “Do you mind having a day indoors? Maybe watch some movies and play games?”

I can tell the suggestion excites Popplio. I laugh as it barks and flops down onto my chest, flippers stretched as though hugging me. I gently wrap my arms around it in return.

“Thanks for all you do for me. You make my life worth living.”

Popplio pushes its nose up to my chin, snuggling up to me. These moments always bring deep love and appreciation to my chest. It might sound strange, but worrying about being a burden doesn’t apply to humans alone; I worry at times that the same will go for Popplio too, despite how it is trained for this.



These moments remind me otherwise. I am far from a burden. I might be another person without a name to most passing through the streets, someone barely anyone knows, but I matter, as does everyone else who isn't as known.

We all make up the world, regardless of our ailments and limitations, and we all have our own role to play and way to help others.

I wouldn't change any of it.



Try, Try Again

By Gon

 tackypies

A janitor and his pokemon run into trouble while
preparing for the school's Open House.

As Beryl pulled into the parking lot, an anxious crowd of flower-printed shirts and frazzled perms welcomed him at the front entrance flagpole, eyes cast high. They watched a lone blue figure twirl on a slimy hand, orange cheeks blowing razz berries at every single audience member below. This was the young mascot of Lumiose Academy, and Kalos's smuggest croagunk.

Ms. Chen peeled away from the crowd when she saw Beryl. Her trademark dazzling smile could brighten anyone's day, which made her the ideal secretary for the school. As she approached, Beryl noticed her smile was a few molars smaller than usual. "Thank you so much for coming on such short notice. We've tried everything."

"How long's he been up there?"

"Since his morning walk." She lowered her voice. "I think Gunky realized what's happening today."

Beryl grunted. "It was the tie, wasn't it?"

"They got a hat to match it this year. You'll get him down, won't you?"

"I'll do what I can."

All eyes were on him now, and his shoulders hunched instinctively. He never did like being the center of attention. He was the sort of man who always bought his cars



monochrome and secondhand, who'd rather stay at home working on repairs than to go out. One time when he had lunch with his ex-wife, Adele, he found pickles in his salad. Pickles gave him indigestion, so he had asked the waiter not to include them. Beryl knew he couldn't leave them on his plate for Adele to see. So, he simply scooped them up and hastily gulped them down. His stomach wasn't happy with him that day.

The solitary gray shirt in a field of flashy fabrics, Beryl tipped the brim of his trucker's hat a little lower. He cleared his throat and tossed Maverick's ball onto the cobblestone.

The ambipom sprung out in a burst of light, hands raised high as if he was a clown in the circus ring. Maverick chittered as he bowed to the delighted staff, ignoring the flagpole. Beryl sighed and snapped his fingers.

"All right, boy, quit fooling around. Hey, Gunky!" Beryl raised his voice, rough from years of smoking. "What's gotten into you today?"

Gunky looked down at them and stuck out his long, long tongue. Teenagers. It didn't matter if they were pokemon or people – they were all the same. Beryl frowned.

"I'm gonna count to ten. If you don't get down from there by the time I'm done, Maverick here's gonna make you come down." Behind him, Maverick gave a delighted hoot. "One, two..."

Gunky was puffing his cheeks, in and out. Something was going through his head - what exactly, Beryl didn't know, but he could tell the little guy was thinking hard. He took this as a good sign and continued counting.

"Three, four..."

Only, he should have been the one thinking a little harder. Maverick was a show-off, not a pokémon of patience. As that last number left Beryl's mouth, the ambipom cartwheeled past his startled trainer, grabbed the pole with all four hands, and went to town. This was Maverick's time to shine. He was going to get the standing ovation he deserved!



“Maverick, no!”

It was too late. Sticky as Gunky was, he was no match for Maverick’s gleeful shaking. He launched into the air, a purple and orange ball slung from the world’s most minimalist slingshot, and dropped like a rock.

Beryl ran. His bulk naturally parted the sea of nylon gaping at Gunky’s flight. Long ago, he’d been fit enough to compete in the pokeathlon. Now, he gritted his teeth against the stitch biting into his side, his underworked legs pumping with all their weakened might. He dove. Gunky fell into his arms like a slimy football.

Contact!

They hit the freshly mowed grass and rolled once, twice. Everything smelled like dirt. Beryl wheezed and closed his eyes.

“Beryl?!” Ah, Ms. Chen. Always the first one at the scene. “Are you alright?!”

Was he? He felt like he had landed on his back and neck funny. Whether the pain was from the impact or his old age, he wasn’t sure. The chatter of nervous staff members soon washed over him, a chorus of well-mannered sympathy and anxiety.

Their eyes met, and the croagunk stuck his long, long tongue out again and hopped away. Awful little brat. Beryl gave a weak thumbs-up to the worried crowd and laid back down, and the school bell rang as he did.

What a great way to start the week.

When Beryl was a child, he read a picture book of Kalos’s magnificent Parfum Palace. Its gilded gates and mirrored halls filled his young head with fantasies of living like a king, lounging on the finest silk bed in a massive mansion where no one could find him. He got his chance as a pokeathlete. Blew it thanks to the accident, and wound up moving to Kalos anyway. And here he was now, the esteemed janitor ruling the marbled halls of Lumiose Academy.



It was a silly dream, in any case. Impractical. Beryl didn't think he'd take well to being a janitor, since he was less of a people guy and more of a 'jog-alone-at-odd-hours-of-the-day' kind of guy. As it turned out, people at the academy appreciated you for the work you did more than what you say. And that worked out perfectly for him.

The excited chatter of students filled the air. Through the frosted window of the nurse's office, Beryl could only see blue and white blurs. He wondered if Anna was out there. He used to drop her off for preschool. She always liked to hold his hand and Maverick's at the same time, and when she felt musical, Anna would swing their arms back and forth and sing a nursery rhyme. But Anna was eight now – her papa had been away for too long and she was too old to want to hold hands with him.

"Ah, Beryl! The man of the hour!" Mr. Bisset, a man who looked as if he had a mustache twirled out of licorice, ducked into the room. The nurse's audino shot him a stern look before going back to work. "What would we do without you? How you feeling?"

"Sore," Beryl admitted. Maverick, who sat by his side, nodded and dramatically mimed a broken back.

"I bet. Say, while I have you here, I'd like to ask you a favor."

Oh boy. "What is it?"

"As you know, I've been preparing the classroom for today's Open House..."

Beryl did indeed know. Over the past month, he witnessed the preschool classroom's transformation into a practical swamp diorama. The theme, he was told, was the Laverre Nature Trail. He wasn't sure if the knitted moss hanging from the door or the spooky skorupi cutouts would be a hit with the families. Personally, he liked the approach Anna's teacher took. The kids wrote poems that'd be framed on the walls. Simple, classic, and something that didn't require a ton of cleanup. Anna mentioned finishing her poem last week, but Beryl hadn't heard anything since then –

"... ghost, but it should still be a cinch for you and Mav, right?"



Huh? Wait a minute.

“Sorry, could you say that again?”

Bisset chuckled. “Oh, it’s just a silly rumor. People hear strange noises near the end of the day and chalk it up to ghosts. But if there really was a ghost infestation, you of all people would notice!”

Beryl and Maverick exchanged a look. “And you want me to...”

“Fetch Sir Croaks-a-Lot’s statue. It’d make a wonderful centerpiece for the room. And it’d delight the parents to see the Academy’s first mascot!”

No balanced on the tip of Beryl’s tongue, but he saw the sparkling anticipation in Bisset’s eyes. He sighed and bowed his head.

“I’ll look for it after assembly.”

Nobody went up to the attic these days, but the staff was still careful to keep it locked up. Some kids snuck in a few years back and caused a huge fuss when one of them broke their leg. Since then, the only key was entrusted to the care of Beryl’s klefki, who was always snoozing in his pocket. That was fine by him. You can’t lose something if it loves to nap on your person.

The attic door was squat, a pumice-colored hunk of metal perched at the top of the narrow flight of stairs. Maverick had to walk behind him, arms and tail-arms clasped together, an uneasy look on his face. Not once did he chitter. Beryl couldn’t blame him, but they were already here. There was no turning back now.

He wet his lips and whistled two notes: one high and one low. Out drifted Paddy, slow and bobbing like a lost balloon.

“Up and at ‘em, kid. We gotta get into the attic.”



The klefki stretched her small body with a quaking yawn. She was too used to being manhandled. Usually, it was quicker for Beryl to just take her out and find the keys himself. But he forgot which key was the attic's – he needed Paddy's help for this one.

When it became clear Beryl *wasn't* going to tuck her back into bed, Paddy begrudgingly floated to the keyhole. She pressed her face against it, jingled in satisfaction, and stuck up a rusty key.

Beryl sighed. "You're a big girl, Paddy, you can do it yourself."

Paddy jangled in annoyance but unlocked the door.

The musty aroma of mothballs clogged Beryl's nose as they stepped in. It was a lot more packed than he thought it'd be. Boxes of both nibbled cardboard and faded leather crowded the room. Light filtered through the single, web-veiled window, its beams grazing the attic's forgotten residents. A massive snorlax beanbag whose stomach had more patches than a grandmother's quilt. An indoor slide shaped like a drampa, its cheap plastic chipped and worn with age. A rocking ponyta missing one button eye. All relics of a bygone classroom.

Paddy took one look and dove back into Beryl's pocket. Maverick rolled his eyes.

"Never mind Ms. Lazybones. We got a lotta junk to go through."

'A lot' was an understatement. 'Valleys' was a better term for the piles and piles of stuff surrounding them. Beryl once heard archaeologists could tell the age of a fossil by how deep it was buried. He was sure if he dug long enough through these boxes, he'd find the ancient bones of Sir Croaks-a-Lot himself.

No skeletons were unearthed, though there was an amazing number of toys.

Bedraggled Mime Jr. puppets that must've been at least a century old, hand-carved tops, pop-up picture books on every topic under the sun – they soon found themselves stacking new piles out of the boxes they went through. Beryl was so absorbed in his work that he forgot his surroundings.



“Mav, can you...” He turned around. Where Maverick should’ve been was a wall of crates. “Mav? You run off on me?”

He could’ve sworn the ambipom was just there. Beryl shut the trunk he was digging through with a frown and whistled. In his pocket Paddy stirred. He quieted her down with a firm pat. Impulsive as Maverick was, he wasn’t the sort to play hooky.

Creeeak, creeeak, creeeak.

Footsteps? The hairs on his neck rose. “Maverick!” he called out against his better judgment. Not wanting to lose his lead, he headed towards the sound.

Only, something was wrong. He remembered the snorlax being right next to the door. But as Beryl stood by the dusty plush, he realized he couldn’t see *anything* – not the door, not the window. And there was still no sign of Maverick. What was it that Bisset said? A ghost in the attic...

Creeeak.

Paddy trembled. Beryl took a deep breath.

“Who’s there?”

Tension simmered in the silence.

“Whoever you are, I’m not looking for trouble.”

A crash like thunder. Beryl yelped and whipped around. A box had dashed itself against the floor, packing peanuts strewn all over the floor. The culprit rocked back and forth, button grey eye gleaming with an eerie light. It was the rocking ponyta – but something was off about it. Though the room was bright, a dark shadow pooled upon its back, like storm clouds gathered in the sky. Eyes the color of a fresh bruise stared from the shady mass, unblinking.



It all clicked. The ragged state of the toys, this shifting maze of boxes, the rumors surrounding the attic. Beryl slowly knelt to the ground so he was eye level with his mysterious tormentor.

“You’re the one doing this, aren’t you?”

The banette swayed with its vessel, canted its head as if it was sizing Beryl up. You never knew what to expect with ghost type – especially not one born of curses – but it was still a pokemon. Surely it could be reasoned with.

“Are you trying to get us to stay?”

Those eyes fluttered closed. A yes.

“I’m sorry. We can’t do that.”

The rough scraping of metal over wood grated against Beryl’s ears. Like soldiers in formation, the whole attic closed in – the toys bound into multicolored walls, the trunks and boxes slated together like bricks. Paddy, sensing danger, darted out of his pocket and jingled angrily, keys raised and ready to fight despite how she shook.

“Paddy, it’s okay! I got this.” She was too scared to be of any help. If she started a battle, things would only get worse. Beryl forced a smile. “It’s all right. Let me talk to it.”

The banette recoiled from Beryl’s gaze, the rocking ponyta jerking back a few inches. Held up his hands, so it could see he didn’t have anything. He’s seen pokemon act this way before. A long, long time ago, in the back of a circus tent, Maverick wore the same look. Loneliness. Fear.

“You’ve been in here for a long time, haven’t you?” He kept his voice low, soft. “It must’ve been hard for you. I’m like you. I used to have more friends than I could count. I had everything I wanted, until the day I broke my leg. It never healed right – just like your eyes.”

Those crimson eyes felt like they were burning through him, but Beryl continued talking.



“I’m the janitor of Lumiose Academy. It’s my job to fix the things that need to be fixed. Especially for lost toys like you. But I can’t do that here. I need my pokemon with me – and I need you. So how about it?” He offered his hand. “Why don’t I patch you up and introduce you to some new friends?”

An eternity seemed to pass. The banette folded in on itself, a wavering black spot, and it seemed on the brink of disappearing. Beryl willed himself not to move, to wait and be patient.

Inch by inch, the walls began their retreat. The snorlax doll laid on its back, revealing the ugly pumice door and, to Beryl’s immense relief, Maverick, who leaped and shrieked with relief at the sight of his trainer and teammate.

Creeeak, creeeak, creeeak. The rocking ponyta wobbled closer, shy. The banette kept its knees pulled to its chest, its head bowed, but Beryl caught a glimpse of a small smile on its yellowed, zipper mouth. Ever-so-slowly, it placed the tip of its finger on Beryl’s palm.

They never did find Sir Croaks-a-Lot’s statue.

When he’d been married to Adele, Beryl made all of Anna’s toys by hand. Stuffed pokemon, toy trains, the works. Whatever she wanted, he’d make it. Rusty as his skills were, his hands still remembered how to handle a needle and thread. Gray buttons were exchanged for shiny silver, and with Maverick’s help, Beryl repacked the leaking sawdust and sewed it all up. By the time they were finished, the rocking ponyta looked fit for a prince. They emerged from his office, with Maverick carrying the toy, but only managed a few steps before a familiar voice called out:

“Where did you get that?”

Beryl turned around.



Adele was impeccably dressed, as always. Coral lipstick. Designer sunglasses. Even at a small event like Open House, she wanted to impress – the exact opposite of Beryl's forgettable demeanor.

"Oh, this?" Maverick hoisted the rocking ponyta a little higher. "Just something I found in the attic. I thought I'd drop it off for the preschoolers."

Her coral colored lips curled up in a smile. "It's very much like you to pick up strange little projects."

"... guess that's why I became a janitor."

They stood there, a thousand words on both their tongues, their hearts unwilling to let them loose.

"Anna talks about you, you know," Adele said at last. She spoke casually, but kept examining her nails. "She's happy you work at her school."

Oh. Beryl clammed up. Swallowed, cleared his throat. "Thanks."

"Don't thank me. Thank your daughter." Adele looked away. "I'll wait for you here."

Open House would begin in half an hour. The rocking ponyta looked a little lost among the swamp-themed decorations, but it didn't look *bad* by any means. It was like seeing a marble statue in the middle of a football field, was all.

Maverick patted off the last of the dust with all four hands while Beryl crouched before it. The toy's shadow contorted into the banette's shape. He touched its head.

"Take care. Don't forget: if you need anything, I'm the one you call for."

The shadow rippled, wavered, and disappeared. Maverick looked up at his trainer. Beryl smiled and ruffled his fur, causing his ambipom to make an exaggerated, disgusted sound.



“Well, our work’s done here, Mav.” If even an old ghost could be fixed, then maybe...

“Let’s go see Anna.”



Victory, Nevertheless

By Simon Blackchill

 SimonBlackchill

The owner of a small phone repair shop is handed a device that acts strangely. Now, where has she heard of electrical devices being haunted by Pokémon before?

The phone repair shop had been set up only two weeks ago in the local shopping mall. It was downstairs near a cafe which made its quick fix services all the more popular. A customer could bring their phone or Pokétech or Dex for quick repairs and go have a cup of coffee in the meantime. The owner - and the only employee - thought it genius. Of course, this meant busy hours during lunch time and obligatory opening hours in the weekends, but such was business. Such was independent, small business.

This was why the owner very much enjoyed the days when she could focus on the more complex work and not the queue of quick routine screen changes of busiest business hours. One day in particular was inexplicably quiet, but she took her time enjoying the lack of people in the shop and sat down to have a look at a phone that a client had left earlier that day. She had been told that the phone worked in odd ways the client could not quite put his finger on. Applications would turn on and off on their own accord, volume settings would change without him prompting them to, and most irritating out of all its malfunctions was the way it would ring with a strange ringtone only to show no signs of having been contacted.

"Strange ringtone?" she had asked. "Does it sound distorted, or is it a different one altogether?"

The client had chewed on their already short fingernails throughout his explanations. "No, it's... Hard to explain. You will probably hear it."

She looked forward to it.



The shop owner sat down by her high tech workstation and, while keeping a casual eye on the shop premises that showed from the crack of a curtain, started her work. The phone was one of those that was all touch screen. It had soft stickers at the back and loads of fingerprints on the screen. She took out a microfibre cloth to wipe the screen, out of reflex more than out of reason, since she would fill it with fingerprints once again while fixing it. She placed the light blue cloth on the screen, and after two or three circular wiping motions, she heard a distinct giggle.

Yes. A giggle. She leaned back to have a better look at the shop from which the workstation was obscured by the thin curtain.

"I'll be there soon." It was more polite than a simple greeting, at least. No response - perhaps the client was just shy. She stood up from the office chair and firmly removed the curtain to face the customer. Before she could open her mouth, she knew no one would answer. It was about as empty as it had been for hours now.

She frowned. Maybe a customer had visited and then left when they saw she was nowhere to be seen? An amateur mistake, she thought, and she decided to instead work on the phone on the counter. Before she turned around, the giggle emerged again. But this time, she saw that no customer was there to giggle. In fact, the giggle did not at all come from in front of her, but behind her, behind the curtain, somewhere near the workstation, and his time a frown decorated her brow.

"This space is staff only," she said and opened the curtain wider. The backroom of her shop barely had space for two people which was why she preferred to not hire anybody else. She would have seen had anyone been there, let alone enter the room at all, and she did not see a soul. One extra light had been flipped on, however, and that was the phone on the workstation. Her heart jumped to her throat, her breath hitched in there as she tried to remember if she had turned the power of the phone on at all.

But then again, the owner had stated in his problem description that the phone turned on and off on its own. Or something like that. Right?

The giggle repeated, almost robotically similar. Instead of fear the shop owner felt irritation, and she walked to the phone to bring it to the counter. Why was a phone laughing at her? And yet, despite irritation, she felt like she had read about this type of a phenomenon somewhere, some day. It was a shadow of a thought, really, nothing



concrete, so she could not stop to connect the dots. The phone needed to be repaired, first and foremost. This was no time for speculation.

She hovered above the phone and gazed at it, not quite knowing why she did not already reach for it with her hand. Something stopped her, perhaps the way the giggle still echoed in her mind or the way the empty room felt even smaller than it already was. Either way, her own mind worked against her long enough for another giggle to emerge. The screen flickered in its rhythm.

It flickered first with a simple white light, but as she watched with rising fear, the colour orange flashed every now and then. A grin. Blue eyes. Another grin. Images of something that tugged at the knowledge in her brain she could not put into words or coherent thoughts, they flashed and repeated on the screen without any pattern or conceivable reason. They just appeared on their own as if to bully her intentionally, as if whatever was causing it could see the look on the phone expert's face. Touching the phone was the last thing she wanted to do, but she knew she had to. She grimaced and reached for the phone, and as her hand approached the giggle became louder, and a static sound accompanied it. The closer she was the louder it became, and she swore she could feel the sound - truly, feel a sound - against the skin of her fingertips when they brushed against the plastic of the phone. On the very second a snapping sound turned everything black.

The screen flashed white, and then black again.

The lights of the shop flickered one, two, three times, then shut down. Darkness spread all around, only the distant light of the corridor of the mall lit the room. The shop owner heard herself gasp. Her throat was as dry as sandpaper, as coarse as desert sands. Silence engulfed the surroundings and danced in unison with the dark. Shadows disappeared and all that was left was their essence, the very thing they were made of.

And when the giggle returned, her heart slammed against her rib cage with the force of a thunderbolt. The pale light of a phone screen appeared on the desk, and turned from pale blue to bright orange. The orange became more dense, turned into a round shape, and then - there was no better way to describe it - escaped the phone. The orange colour escaped upwards, towards the shop owner's head, and she had to



take hasty steps back to avoid it. The wall stopped any further steps and she leaned back against it, she had to take a hold of a shelf next to her so it would not fall, and the clattering and clicking from the equipment boxes alerted her to how she was in a minuscule space with something that had probably caused a power outage only in her shop.

Then, it clicked. Her eyes opened wide as the orange creature flashed with blue and yellow zaps. It was about the size of a tennis ball and it danced above the cell phone, and it grinned.

She sighed. In relief. Who knew seeing a Ghost-type would be a relief?

The Rotom swirled around the phone and poked it with its blue appendage. The phone's screen was its own regular pale blue, and the wallpaper of its owner seemed to be a picture of a Mightyena being hugged by a young girl. The shop owner squinted her eyes and looked into the eyes of the Pokémon that had more mischief in mind.

"You hid your presence longer than any other Rotom I've seen," she said. Her lips twisted into a girlish grin. She pushed herself to stand fully on her legs and not lean to the wall any more. "Impressive."

Of course, the Rotom could not respond with anything but a giggle and a somersault it did in the air.

"I'm certain the phone will be fine once you leave it alone." All the problems the client had mentioned could be explained with a brief possession by an electric spirit. But was the spirit going to cooperate? That was another question entirely. She observed the Rotom and its movements with a keen eye, as it was hard to look at anything else in the room when the Rotom was the only thing with electricity, barring the phone. She wondered if the Rotom was the client's, but surely he would have mentioned it. Any Rotom trainer would for sure know the risks the Pokémon carried when it came to electric devices. The client had been way too oblivious to know about this.

"I suggest you go back where you came from, alright?" she said and pointed at the doorway. "If you please."

The Rotom had other plans. It zoomed from one corner of the backroom to the other, observing and investigating its new surroundings. The amount of electrical



devices must have been overwhelming, for soon the Pokémon twirled in the middle of the room like a toy that had been wound up by an overly excited, playful child. The giggle turned into an impressed *oooooh* as it moved from shelf to shelf, in quick angular movements. With ease the Pokémon phased through shelf levels and then through the backroom wall to the shop side of the premises. The shop owner followed and found the ceiling light flickering oddly when the Rotom passed it. The ghost cast no shadow.

"You gotta go home, you know."

Did it really? That was what its face conveyed as it turned to the shop's owner. Perhaps there was a hint of sadness, too, somewhere there. Its gaze darted between the owner and the gadgets she sold. The shop owner crossed her arms and tilted her head.

"No, you can't make a home in my products." Because it became apparent to her very quickly that the Rotom did not wish to leave. It harboured no desire to go back to the cell phone it came from either. "But if you put on the lights... Maybe we can find some arrangement."

Something mutually beneficial, she thought.

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"Just like that?"

"Just like that."

The client turned the phone around in his hands as if unable to believe what he had just been told. The smile on the shop owner's face however betrayed no lies, and why would he disbelieve a professional of good reputation? He shrugged and let out a chuckle as his husband dug out his wallet to pay for the service.

"An odd occurrence for sure, but I managed to stop it from repeating."

"I don't even have a Rotom... What if another one comes by? I thought they were rare but now I'm kind of scared."



"I'm... listen." The shop owner bowed forward to talk quieter. The fuss of the lunch hour was quieting down, and only one customer was present with the couple, looking at phone covers.

"I'm going to try and develop something akin to a virus protection against Rotom... I will let you know when I'm ready to test it."

She could hear the faint giggle in the back room where the Rotom no doubt was feeding on some leftover electricity from the tablet on which she was writing her grant application. This was going to be big, if she was going to succeed.

And if not, at least she had made a new friend. Victory nevertheless.



The Birth of the Cut Master

By Luce

 silverliningslurk

Well, someone has got to cut down those pesky trees. Might as well get paid for it.

It had taken them six solid months of training. Twenty four attempts—and she'd counted. Two borrowed Pokemon, who knew how many potions, hours trying to get them to like Arra enough to help, plenty of bribes, practice and tears, all to get to this point.

And now they stand proudly outside Gardenia's gym, holding the Forest badge up to the sun, looking at it glinting and grinning to themselves.

“I will be The Cut Master!” they announce victoriously to the empty streets of Eterna City.

They laugh, and then grin down at her.

“C'mon Plumpy! Let's go put up some posters!” She chirps tiredly, having just been witness and participant to an incredibly laborious and long battle between Arra and Gardenia's C team. Or D team. Or maybe even the E team taking pity on them. Gardenia had nearly been asleep in one corner of the gym, and she swears one of the Cherubi had pretended to be fainted to get itself back to the greenhouse sooner.

Full of energy, Arra scoops up her listless form and skips off up the road.

Plumpy—so named as a Budew because in five year old Arra's eyes she had been a round and squishy Pokémon—lets her eyes shut for a moment, allowing herself to be



rocked by her trainer's skipping and occasional giggle. There were plenty of worse lives to live. She wasn't much of a fighter, although if anyone tried anything on Arra she felt sure she would try her utmost to fight them off. Arra got a little excited and boisterous at times, but they also love gardening, and Plumpy enjoys pottering around after them, keeping an eye on them in case they have a seizure or a meltdown.

A few months back, Arra had gotten the HM for Cut, and announced their plans; to make money to travel from being able to use Cut. It made sense. Some bushes were just not to be trifled with, growing with an intense ferocity and almost a vengeance. She could swear sometimes they carried a dark aura, a lurking menace that had trapped many a trainer and left them fearing the forests.

Arra disapproved of boundaries of any kind. Spiky trees with a grudge could not be allowed to impede access into nice spaces and good shortcuts. It did not help that there had for years been one of these mysterious species of vengeful tree in front of their garden. Arra's mother had rid the garden of it each day – sometimes several times a day in summer—until Arra had uprooted the entire thing one day and moved it to a better position. The tree had not seemed to think of being out of the way, and blossomed prettily now it was not cut down daily.

So Arra's goal was really to move all the Cut Trees out of the way. Sure, they might regrow, but that just meant more work. Plumpy approved of ending the mass violence against trees, although if they kept regrowing given the chance of better ground, she would equally have no mercy. Plants needed firm treatment, sometimes. Some trees are just too stubborn to listen to even a Pokémon with Cut—she's met some of them.

Arriving back home in the midst of her dozing, Arra plops her unceremoniously on the kitchen floor, her mother chuckling at the victorious shout and flapping hands of glee. Their other parent is leant against the counter, drinking xer tea with a bemused smile as Arra zips into their room.



“I hope you didn’t have any grander ambitions for your life, Plumpy,” xe says. She just shrugs a little; she didn’t. Travelling with Arra will be fun, and she’s at a level now where she could most likely defend the two of them—or at least buy some time for escape. “They love you, you know.”

She ruffles her roses. Of course she knows. She loves Arra dearly too, loves being able to calm them down and keep them company after a seizure, loves their energy and vivacity even if it is sometimes tiring. The look Arra gets, chattering to themselves as they potter around the garden. They’ll look over to Plumpy, waking up from her nap in the sun, a streak of dirt on their face and wide grin.

There are plenty of worse lives to lead. This one suits her just fine.

Arra returns, arms full of colouring pencils, copious amounts of paper and a glint in their eyes.

“Hi Ren!” they chirp, and Heisei smiles at them back. “I’m gonna make posters! And Plumpy is gonna help!”

As much as she would dearly like to draw and write, having roses makes such things difficult. She will instead form the moral support and encouragement brigade, much like Heisei and Tana in the other room. Nodding, she uses some vines to help her hop onto the seat across from Arra, then onto the table. She beds herself down into the empty ceramic plant pot, and watches.

Arra gets very into it, bouncing ideas off her and Heisei. Xe is ultimately far more helpful to Arra in terms of creativity and useful direction (like the fact that the poster simply saying ‘The Cut Master’ will be more likely taken as a wrestler than a benevolent gardening force), but she keeps watch for signs or smells of an oncoming seizure or meltdown. They are generally well controlled on the medication she reminds them to take each morning—it’s become something of her remit to be a medicine alarm for the



three of them, and the varying amounts of medication that they all take—but it always pays to keep an eye out.

She is a little worried about the state of Heisei and Tana taking their medications once she and Arra go travelling, but she is slowly passing that role over to the family Cricketune, Sonar. He's getting there, slowly. The two of them have developed a 'medication' song as a reminder. It seems to work, it's just Sonar remembering reliably to chirp it until they actually take it.

A few hours later, Heisei has gone to work at the hospital, and Tana has started making food for the two of them when Arra kicks their legs fervently.

"Done! Done done done!" they shriek; she casts an approving eye over the poster. Arra is a good artist when it's for something—they'd had a hyperfixation on art and drawing a few years back, and have retained most of the skills, although they only infrequently use them. It is a picture of them in a suit and cape, Plumpy alongside them in similar get-up, and it boldly pronounces that they will cut any tree, any foliage that threatens a walk, a path, or enjoyment! And of course, how to obtain these services. Arra and Tana argue over dinner about what the rates should be, and Plumpy dozes languidly, still tired from the gym battle. Arra has pinned the Forest Badge to their clothes, and she thinks it will stay there for a long time.

A little later, there is a soft poke on her cheek. Sleepily opening her eyes, content and warm and pleasantly rooted, she sees Arra's face, close up. They are smiling.

"Plumpy, Mum is gonna copy those posters tomorrow, then her and Ren are gonna help us put them up!" They grin, squashing their eyes closed with the happiness. "We did it! We actually did it!"

She reaches forward and softly presses a rose to Arra's nose. This earns her a giggle.



“Thanks, Plumpy.” They yawn, widely. They’ve been up for a long time, after all. She twitters, and Arra nods, rubbing at her eyes. “Mmmm, medication, I know. C’mom, I’m gonna sleep...”

Gently gathering the plant pot in their arms, they pad to their room. The kitchen table is still strewn with colouring pencils and discarded designs; they might clean it up tomorrow, or she will. Plumpy gets placed in the usual spot on the windowsill where the first sunlight hits the room. She chirps at Arra until they take their medication, then settles down, watching as they patter about getting ready, their mum poking her head in to check it’s actually happening.

Tomorrow, the two of them will practice Cut, and Arra will eagerly await their delivery of their copied posters. After that, the four of them will go stick them up all around town, and tell people—although it’ll be more of Heisei and Tana telling people, proud of their child. Arra tends to get a bit shy around new people, but they’re getting a bit better. The two of them will make do.

She imagines a time, a few months in the future, where they are camping in the field or in a Pokémon centre, cutting and moving troublesome trees, and Arra loving the freedom. Plumpy wants to see the world, and see it with them; to meet new people, new Pokémon, find new plants.

She’s looking forward to it. She looks at Arra, sprawled across the bed haphazardly, and gently uses a few vines to readjust them a little and tuck them just enough to stop them falling out or getting cold.

The Cut Master. It’s got a nice ring to it, she thinks as she pots herself down. Yes, there are far worse lives to live. There may be big name battlers, champions and trainers, gym leaders and members of the Elite Four, but this is the perfect life for her right here. She doesn’t need big ambitions, and never has—all she needs to do is look after her beautiful human.



And now, use Cut. She closes her eyes, bemused. She'll need the energy for tomorrow, and is glad for the extra compost Arra put in her pot yesterday.

They will be the Cut Masters, and enjoy every second.



The Haunted Hearthome Heist

By Chris P.



A Sinnoh jeweler who sells Pokémon-themed jewelry has become victim to a bizarre string of thefts.

Night fell upon Hearthome City, which meant a small jewelry store was about to go to war.

Sharron, owner of Carbink's Cache, locked herself in her own store as bone-tired salarymen shuffled home and nightlife tourists took over the streets outside. While Sharron peered suspiciously at anyone who passed her store, her Meowth was doing some peering of his own. Meowth lied on top of the store's display counter, his face pressed against the glass, the gold coin on his forehead shimmering like a freshly polished Gym Badge. The jewelry that caught his eye that night was a 14k gold ring with a bezel shaped like a Staryu and a ruby gemstone in its setting, tucked neatly in a navy ring case.

Hearing Meowth purr and scratch at the glass, Sharron pulled herself away from the door and raced over to her Pokémon, grabbing him by the scruff of his neck. "Now's not the time to get distracted, Meowth. We're on high alert," Sharron said.

Her Meowth putting up a feeble resistance to being dangled high by her owner. Two years had passed since Sharron's breeder mother gave him to her as a gift, and he was still a handful. Despite never having any interest in battling, Sharron still loved Pokémon and was happy to receive one. She just wished her mother had the foresight to give her one that didn't constantly mess with her merchandise.



Taking a peek in her display cabinet herself, Sharron frowned. There were several large gaps between the merchandise, and though she wished to credit this to her amazing skills as a saleswoman, the real reason was more depressing.

One week ago, Sharron first noticed that a pair of Pikachu Tail earrings went missing from store. A day later, a Heart Scale necklace vanished. The next day it was Clamperl earrings. Realizing there was a serial thief ransacking her store, she notified the Hearthome Police Department. Surveillance was set up to monitor the store that night, with an officer posted outside for good measure, but the results of this stake out were curious to say the least.

The following morning, a Spink gemstone ring had vanished from the store, but there were absolutely zero traces of a burglary. The surveillance tapes picked up nothing. One frame the ring was in its display, and the next it seamlessly vanished from sight. Jenny, the officer keeping watch that night, claimed she didn't see a soul come near the store.

At her wit's end, Sharron decided to take matters into her own hands and stake out the store at night. She cradled her Meowth in one arm as she turned off the lights around the store and in her display cabinet, and then sat in the darkest corner of the store waiting for something to happen, with only a Pokémon who had never seen battle to protect her.

Fending off burglars to save her dying career wasn't where Sharron expected to be at twenty-five-years-old, but life was full of curveballs.

Minutes turned to hours, and while the hustle and bustle of city life outside refused to quit, Sharron was struggling to keep her eyes open. As her eyelids grew heavier, she began to think she was hallucinating. That's the only logical reason she could give for why she saw a ring case clipping through her counter and moving toward the floor. At least until Meowth let out a territorial hiss and leapt toward the ring case. Then she snapped awake and realized this was genuinely happening.

"What the heck?!"



Sharron scrambled onto her feet and grabbed onto her Meowth, who already had its claws gripped on the ring case, tugging at it with all his might. She yanked him up with all her strength, and with their strength combined they were able to fish the ring case out of the counter. On the other end of the case, its teeth tightly clamped on, was a Misdreavus. Both parties stared horrified at each other, but Misdreavus especially so.

Misdreavus released its grip on the ring case and snapped back into the floor like it was being yanked back on a string, leaving behind a petrified Sharron, who dangled her Meowth upside-down by his legs as he rubbed his precious jewelry up against his face.

“M-my store is...haunted?” Sharron muttered, her body shaking like a leaf. Just as she was processing what she had seen, Sharron felt something tug hard on her hair. She yelped in pain and turned to see the culprit, but only saw what appeared to be the back of Misdreavus. She stood there, eyes moving in all directions, for several very paranoid minutes.

She didn’t sleep a wink that night.

The next morning, Officer Jenny was called to the store and briefed on what happened last night. Meowth was gleefully playing with the ring case from last night like it was a yarn ball in the corner of the store. Sharron, with eyes completely bloodshot, leaned on her counter, her head leaning into her hand.

“Ghost Pokémon, huh?” Jenny said. “That *would* explain the unusual surveillance tapes.”

“Please officer, *please* tell me you have some special repellant to keep these undead pests out,” Sharron said. “I’ve been so paranoid. I keep think they’re going to pop out of the walls. Meowth and I have been here since last night because I don’t want them following me back to my apartment. If one of them came out of my bathroom mirror or shower curtains or TV screen or Switch I think I’d die of a heart attack right there!”



This girl definitely spent all night thinking up specific jumpscare scenarios, Jenny thought, and she was very correct. Sharron had dozens typed out on her phone.

“The PokeMart *does* sell Repels,” Jenny said, “but I think we’d best capture this Misdreavus instead. We don’t want it causing mischief anywhere else.”

“Do you any idea where this thing could’ve come from?”

“The only place around Hearthome where Misdreavus lurk is in the Lost Tower.”

“Wait a second...Isn’t that a graveyard? You don’t think they’re hiding my jewelry there, do you?”

“Assuming Misdreavus isn’t smuggling them under the floorboards right now, it’s possible.”

Sharron weakly groaned, moving her hand from her cheek to her forehead as she felt a headache creeping in. One ghost was bad enough, but an entire *hive* of them? In response to her client’s stress, Jenny offered her an assuring smile and an officer salute.

“Don’t fret, ma’am! We’ll search your store top to bottom! If Misdreavus is hiding here, our Arcanine will sniff them out in a jiff!”

Sharron offered a polite smile back, but she was screaming on the inside. Jenny suggested Sharron go back to her apartment to get some rest while the police conducted their search, and she agreed. She scooped up Meowth, who still refused to give up the ring case, and left the store. Once outside, she looked back and saw Jenny radioing the situation in. Sharron turned to her Meowth and held him out in front of her, determination (and puffiness) in her eyes.

“You’re thinking what I’m thinking, right?” Sharron asked.

Meowth blinked. He definitely wasn’t thinking.



“That Misdreavus deliberately avoided those cameras. There’s no way it’s gonna show itself with the police and Arcanine on the scene. No, if anything, I bet it’s gonna lie low in that tower! I don’t wanna hang around in a haunted graveyard, but I can’t let some ghost ruin everything I worked for. We’re going to Lost Tower!”

In response to Sharron’s emboldened speech, Meowth let out a yawn. She wanted to be offended, but a second later she was yawning herself.

“...OK, fine. After a nap.”

By the time Sharron and Meowth had fully rested (after Sharron sprayed down her apartment with all the Repels she could afford) dusk fell on the city. Sharron passed by Carbink’s Cache on the way to Route 209. Police tape covered the entrance, and when she questioned an officer, he informed her they had made no progress.

Could she really be on the right track? Part of her hoped it would just be the delirium of a sleep-deprived, stressed store owner...

The sun fully set when Sharron arrived at the Lost Tower. She took a deep breath before walking in, holding on to her Meowth like it was her shield against all evil Pokémon, even though she was sure he would toss her to the Haunters if it meant keep that ring case of his safe.

Once inside, however, she remembered this tower wasn’t just a den for ghosts but an actual place of mourning. The first thing she saw upon entering was a solemn middle-aged woman sitting on her knees in front of a grave for her deceased Roserade, offering a prayer. Sharron swallowed, the somber atmosphere making her feel more like an intruder than the actual intruders in her store.

On the bright side, she felt so ridiculous that her anxiety from before eased up. Meowth, who had been squirming in her arms from having been squeezed so tightly, was placed on the floor and allowed to breathe. He immediately bolted to hide by the nearest grave for some privacy for him and his precious ring.



Maybe this was a bit of a leap in logic, Sharron thought. She was going to feel completely silly turning over tombstones looking for Pokémon while people mourned. The police probably captured that Misdreavus by now. Was she actually thinking rationally now, or was she subconsciously still really scared of the ghosts? Those were questions for after going home and curling up in bed, she figured.

“Come on, Meowth, we’re calling this off—”

Mallart peered over the grave Meowth had hidden behind and her face went pale as she witnessed a familiar scene: a Misdreavus with its teeth sunk into the ring case trying to violently wrestle it away from the other Pokémon’s grubby claws.

“Y-You?!”

Misdreavus looked up at Sharron and was caught off guard to see her here too. With Misdreavus’s guard down, Meowth seized the opportunity and yanked the ring case out of its mouth, startling it even more. Misdreavus floated there in stunned silence while Meowth tightly hugged the case against his chest with a wide grin.

Sharron psyched herself up; this time *she* was the one who caught Misdreavus off guard. The hunted had become the hunter, and she was going to pounce.

“What’re you doing, Meowth?!” Sharron shouted, alerting those mourning people she was so afraid of offending before. “Hit it with Scratch!”

Meowth perked up at the command. He had never been told to attack another Pokémon before, but he relished the opportunity. The claws on his right hand glowed bright white as he maliciously swiped them across Misdreavus’s face. Misdreavus braced itself for impact, but the claws phased right through it.

Sharron and Meowth were both confused, and while Sharron tried to piece together here knowledge of type advantages, she felt a familiar tug at her hair. Sharron cried out before looking behind her and noticing another Misdreavus laughing in her fact. The one in front of Meowth was laughing as well, having calm down noticing it had backup. With their foes distracted, the two of them flew into the right-side wall.



“Wait!” Sharron gave chase before being stopped by the wall. “Darn it, I should’ve paid more attention to typing in grade school! And there’s two of them? Now what?!”

For the first time since this investigation started, Meowth was fired up. He had just gotten his first taste of battle ripped away from him, and he wasn’t about to let his prey escape unscathed. Turns out the only thing he was more obsessed with than shiny objects was hurting others. It really was in everyone’s best interest that Sharron wasn’t a Trainer...

Meowth ran up to the wall and started hitting and scratching it, somehow under the impression he could break through solid concrete as a foot-tall cat. Sharron, meanwhile, was leaning her head against the wall lamenting her own failure. At this point the sight was too sorry for any of the observers to keep watching, so they decided to mind their own business and returned their attention to their prayer.

Sharron decided she should cut her losses and tell Officer Jenny what she witnessed so she could deal with the situation. Yet before she could leave, the sound of moving concrete and her Pokémon grunting caught her ear. She turned to Meowth, who was pushing part of the wall that was a little over his size into the wall with all his might.

Sharron blinked. “Me...owth?”

Was he really that strong? No...the indent on the wall was in the perfect shape of a block. This was a secret passage. The Misdreavus didn’t escape into the wall, but into a secret room!

“Way to go, Meowth! I’m so glad you’re finally motivated!”

Once the secret entrance was fully pushed in, Meowth scurried into the secret room. Sharron was close behind, just barely able to squeeze through the entrance, but the room itself wasn’t very spacious either. The room was like a cramped hallway, with Sharron’s frame barely able to fit in without scraping against the walls or he head bonking on the ceiling.



There were several Misdreavus in the room, and they were all huddled around what Sharron could only assume were the original two. They all seemed to be laughing about something, that something probably being Sharron, but that wasn't the biggest thing that stood out to her. One of them was wearing a Heart Scale necklace with its beaded one, another was wearing Clamperl earrings on its ears (it *had* those?). All of them were wearing her jewelry!

Surprisingly, Sharron wasn't scared at all to see so many ghosts gathered in one spot. They seemed less like evil spirits and more like the mean girl clique in elementary school, and seeing them laughing at Sharron's misery made her more annoyed than frightened.

"Hey, jerks!"

All the Misdreavus turned to the sound of Sharron's voice and reacted like the teacher had just caught them skipping class. Most of them phased out of the walls immediately, but two of them, the ones with the Heart Scale necklace and the Clamperl earrings, weren't afraid of her and floated right up to her face with cocky grins. Sharron crossed her arms like she actually *was* that disappointed teacher.

Meowth seized this opportunity to lunge at them, but just phased right through the two of them, who laughed uncontrollably when he faceplanted on the ground, knocking himself out. Sharron looked deflated.

"It's the effort that counts, I guess..." Sharron said.

Sharron knew that Meowth wasn't going to do anything to Ghost-types when it only knew Normal-moves, and she had no way of capturing the Misdreavus. There has to be something else I could do here, Sharron thought. She looked at the jewelry they were wearing.

"You really like accessories, huh?"

The two Misdreavus laughed to themselves, knowing that wearing them was driving Sharron nuts.



“They look really cute on you.”

Both Misdreavus immediately stopped laughing, taken about. They exchanged looks before looking back at Sharron with a big smile and stars in their eyes. Sharron smirked. So they responded well to compliments. They really *were* the mean girls.

“So you weren’t just messing with me. You wanted to look pretty too. I can relate. I’ve always loved jewelry...”

Gears were turning in Sharron’s head, and soon the expert saleswoman in here arrived at a brilliant solution.

“Tell you what, I’ll let your little heist be water under the bridge *if* you agree to a proposition I think you’ll like. If not, I know a few strong Arcanine who would love to have a chat with you.”

The two Misdreavus acknowledged the threat with a gulp and nodded. Sharron explained the offer to the Misdreavus. They responded extremely positive to it, so overjoyed that they began circling her with beaming smiles. She enjoyed the cute display, but more importantly thanks to their dancing she caught the other Misdreavus trying to sneak up on her red handed. They were taken aback, but once their friends explained the offer to them too, they were just as happy.

A few days later, Sharron re-opened Carbink’s Cache, and a young woman with piercing red eyes was looking for a new pair of earrings. A pair of earrings designed like Pokeballs caught her eye.

“Hmm...” the woman said. “I might get these ones, but I’m a little torn...”

“Oh, those are a big hit with our customers!”

In the midst of Sharron’s pitch, the earrings disappeared from their display right before the young woman’s eyes. She rubbed her eyes, thinking she was hallucinating, but when she opened them again a Misdreavus burst out from the display wearing the



earrings. The young woman leapt back and let out a shriek, but Sharron kept up her saleswoman smile, gesturing to the Pokémon.

“They’re popular with our models, too! See how they bring out the red in its eyes?”

“M-models...?”

The young woman examined the Misdreavus. “It *does* look cute,” she admitted.

“Well...alright! I’ll take them!”

“Thank you very much!”

Sharron bowed deeply, and when she stood upright again she suddenly glared at something behind the young woman.

“Do it and you’re fired!”

The young woman whipped around to see a Misdreavus getting dangerously close to pulling at her hair. Misdreavus pouted and sank into the floor, defeated.

“Same goes for you!”

This time Sharron yelled at Meowth, who had climbed onto the display and was clawing at the Pokeball earrings. Meowth pouted and sank into the display, defeated.



A New Friend Comes Home

By Natsu

 agent-yolk-writes

A young art teacher is given the gift of a new friend
from her twin sister in another region.

“Yuna! It’s so good to hear from you!”

“If I didn’t do this, then you would call me just as I was about to sleep.”

At one end, a woman with fluffy blonde hair smiles at the woman with curly teal hair frowning on the other end. It may not look like it, but they’re twin sisters. Riida and Yuna respectively live very different lives, but they always have each other no matter what. While Riida lives in Unova, Yuna resides in Johto. Riida has a small handful of Pokémon with Smeargle as her primary partner, however, Yuna has a wide variety of serpent-like Pokémon with the exception of Pangoro to be her extra pair of hands as well as muscles.

Riida jokes about the reason she’s the older one is that “I absorbed her happiness in the womb and bailed. She came after me three minutes later.” If her sister was there, she would jab her in the foot with her cane.

“So, what’s the occasion?” Riida asked. “You got a boyfriend?”

“...No.”

“You’re getting engaaaged?”



“If you say anything else stupid, I will hang up.”

Riida crosses her arms in defeat. “Man, you’re no fun,” she complains. “I haven’t heard from you in weeks. Weeks! You could’ve ran off to the Galar region for all I know.”

“...” Her sister didn’t say anything at first. *“...At this point, I might as well not tell you why I even bothered to call you.”*

“Alright, alright...” Before she could reach the couch, something familiar dropped on her head. “Perfect timing, Smeargy! Wanna say hi to Yuyu?” Smeargy is Riida’s Smeargle. It certainly wasn’t the best name she’s given to a Pokémon, but she couldn’t think of anything else when they first met. During one art class session with the daycare kids, they caught her saying it and in return started calling him that too when they played so...Smeargy it is.

Like his owner, Smeargy was his own bundle of energy. He grabbed his tail and doodled a little smiley face on Riida’s cheek for Yuna to see. The cold feeling on her cheek shouldn’t surprise her, but every time she couldn’t help but jump and squeal.

“Gah! Smeargyyy! Enough with that!” She squeals, wrangling her partner in her free arm. “Haha, there we go. Sorry about that, my bad.”

Yuna let out a small grin. *“Hello, Smeargy. Always good to see you too.”* To which the Smeargle replied with his own greeting.

“Oh, yea, the thing that I called you for. I found a Pokémon the other day that reminded me of you, so I’m sending it your way.” The poor woman flinched when her sister let out a loud gasp.



“Really? A Pokémon?” Riida couldn’t contain her excitement. “Who *are* you? Are you sure you’re my lovely sister? She *hardly* sends me gifts, let alone a Pokémon!” The last part was said with more emphasis so it could be heard on the other side as sarcastic.

Yuna looks down at something Riida couldn’t see, her expression a mix of annoyed and tired. “*I hope the surprise knows poison type moves and bites you.*”

“Hey, I’ll have you know I won’t be caught by surprise this time.” The blonde shakes a finger to the screen, her face flushed in minor embarrassment. “Got myself an antidote that I bring *everywhere*.”

To which Yuna bluntly replied, “*Yeah, sure you do.*”

“...Anyways, *I think it should be arriving in about two days or so. You’ll clean up the place before it’s there, right?*”

Riida looked over at the state of the room she’s in. Newton, her Pidove, has a tendency to carry and drop things all over the house. No one is immune to the surprise airdrops, and it’s a miracle no one has suffered any real injuries from him outside a bump on the head. Her Umbreon, Kuro, might be the most active one in terms of socializing/bothering the poor thing if he isn’t scratching furniture or chewing on whatever his owner is working on while his sister, Shiro the Espeon, would keep her distance by hiding under her bed for a week.

The only ones she’s not too concerned about is her Araquanid and Xatu, Ziggs and Yoko respectively. Outside of his wet headbutts, Ziggs is relatively harmless. Hopefully, the new friend isn’t small enough to get trapped in Ziggs’s bubble shield. Yoko, fortunately, just stares at the sun all day unless Riida calls her for help or food. Still, first impressions of a forever home will affect any Pokémon’s wellbeing and enrichment. Ah, to have a Pokémon with opposable thumbs that’ll speed up the cleanup process...



“Noted!” She responded. “I’ll make everything nice and tidy for their homecoming! Is there anything else I need to know to prepare? Any dietary restrictions?”

“I’ll let you figure it out, Riri. Talk to you later if you’re not dead yet.” Was all she got before her sister hung up.

“Ugh...” Riida plops her head on the armrest. “I should’ve known she was going to do that.”

“Shmear...?” Smeargy asks from his position on her stomach.

His owner picked her head up to look at him. “Man, I wonder who your new friend is going to be?” With a hand scritching under Smeargy’s ear, she continues wondering out loud. “Could it be a new Pokémon found in Johto? Hmm...nah. I doubt it’ll be a legendary, but it’ll be funny to bring a Raikou into the daycare.” She chuckles at that part. “Hopefully everyone will get along with each other.”

Trainers who receive Pokémon via trade will have a more difficult time earning the affection of the Pokémon they traded for. Although, receiving one in the mail doesn’t count as a trade...right?

Guess she’ll have to figure it out in 48 hours.

~

With a blink of an eye, two days have already passed. Once Riida started the motions of cleaning the place, she didn’t realize how quickly time passed until she actually sat down and took a break. She didn’t realize how tired she was until she was woken up by the doorbell.



“Mmpf...it’s here already?” Sleep stuck in her throat, Riida squinted at the date on her phone. “...Yea, guess it is.” She pushes herself up, wiping the sleep out of her eyes when the doorbell went off again.

“I’m coming! Hold your Horsea...” She yelled at the door’s direction as she got on her feet. With two small four-legged creatures brushing up against her ankles it was a miracle she didn’t step on them by the time she opened the door. I and behold, a package is waiting for her on her doormat. As she picked it up, she noticed there was a little message on the outside.

Have fun. -Yuna

Oh, she will, Riida thought. Bringing the box inside, she carefully cuts open the lid as to not damage the Pokéball that was inside. Nestled deep in the packaged popcorn is what looked like either a Great Ball or a Quick Ball, but it was hard to tell with all the bubble wrap her sister used. Pulling it out of the way revealed that it was, indeed, a Quick Ball in really good condition.

“Alrighty.” She spins it in her hand. “Let’s see who will be joining the family today. Go, Pokéball!” With an underhand toss, the netted contraption pops open. The light blinded her for only a second, and once it died down something new was sitting on the kitchen floor.

Something yellow, blue, and round. The blue circles around it’s closed eyes made Riida realize what it is.

“Oh my Arceus!” She couldn’t help but scoop the little thing up. “A Dunsparce! I haven’t seen one of you in a while! Helloooo~.” She brings it up to her eye level and coos at it. The land snake, however, didn’t seem too keen on being held in the air by a woman it hardly knew. It began to squirm, revving up its drill tail out of instinct. “Oops!



Sorry! I got too excited.” Realizing the mistake she made, Riida gently placed the snake back on a proper floor.

Seeing this as his chance to escape, Dunsparce makes an attempt to dig through the door. “Nice try, little guy. I had my floors resistant to Dig.” After her twin Eevees figured it out on their own, but better to have it just in case. It looks like she’ll have to keep him inside for now.

The round snake even tried using the little wings on his back to make his escape in the air which worked for about seconds before it plopped back down on the hard floor. It was impressive how air it could reach in such a short time. Maybe she can teach him to use Fly when he’s more comfortable around her.

“In any case, welcome to your new home! I know it’s very different from what you’re used to, but we’re going to have so much fuuun!”

Dunsparce, even with some sort of face, already looks so annoyed to be here. It reminded her of Yuna, in away.

“Now, what am I going to call you?” Dunsparce replied with a tone of curiosity.

~

In the days that followed, Riida ushered the Dunsparce into her room so she could keep an eye on him at night. Shiro, of course, was the most visibly upset Pokémon of the bunch by the fact that her hiding spot has been compromised by this new stranger. Now she has to find a new place to hide if Kuro ends up bothering her. She voiced her complaints every time her master walks out of her room, the poor thing. Riida will make sure she’ll shower her in extra love when this is all over.



Ziggs was the one on the other side of the spectrum; excited to see another Pokémon in the home. Another reason why Dunsparce, name yet to be found, had to be in her room was because the bubble bug couldn't, well, contain his excitement with his headbutts. Now he has to stay outside the house while Riida waits for the small bug snake to get adjusted to his new life.

As for the Dunsparce, he's doing a little better. He doesn't try to escape or fly when Riida tries to touch him, but he does give some resistance if you touch him the wrong way.

A week later, he's allowed to slither around the house. One time Kuro tried to bat his paws at him to play, but the land snake decided it didn't want any of that and retaliated by rolling up into a ball and charging. Good news, it's not a poison type move. Bad news, or slightly good news, he can do Rollout. The damage was minimal, nothing a simple potion couldn't fix.

It took six weeks after that incident for Riida to allow Araquanid back inside. The still-unnamed Dunsparce has made peace with Kuro and Newton, Shiro can finally dive under the bed for safety, and Ziggs learned his lesson of not headbutting every new Pokémon he sees...for now. Yoko, despite having the ability to see into the future, hasn't really been that much of a help since the new arrival.

Dunsparce started to warm up to her, accepting her pets and treats when they come. She's encouraged him to use Rollout as a way of getting around faster. The next step, she noted, was to get him outside and let him be stimulated over the new sights and sounds. If he's taking a liking to her, then maybe this is a sign of that he won't dig a hole the moment they touch the soft ground outside the doorstep.

It took another two weeks before Riida can say for sure that her lovely Dunsparce is here to stay. Her heart warms up when he uses his tiny little wings to catch up to her, even if she's walking very slowly. She makes sure to give him treats if he used Rollout



to stop just by her. It was strange that he hasn't learned any other moves yet, but she has all the time in the world to train him.

Six months have come by, and Riida really wants to give this new friend a name. She even consulted the Name Rater on possible suggestions, but none of them really seem to stick no matter how much she tries to say it. She had restless nights trying to think of the *perfect* name for such a unique Pokémon. She thought about mythology, regular names, anything she can make a nickname out of when she wants to praise him.

One her way to the daycare, an idea came to her. She consulted the caretaker there afterward about it, and she seemed to love it. She did it when she was pregnant with her first child. Although she already had a name for her baby boy, it was cute seeing what the little ones came up with.

The next time she went there, she brought a little jar and a Quick Ball. "I have a new friend." She explains to them. "They've been with me for six months, but I don't know what to name him." With a toss of the ball, her Dunsparce appeared in the air. She was able to catch him in her arms before asking the children, "Could you help me think of a name for my Dunsparce?"

Throughout her art class, the little ones would take a break to write their choice on a slip of paper provided for them. As time went on, Riida got nervous. What if there wasn't a name she would like? What would the children think? In a blink of an eye, she was already cleaning up while the kids played outside. Once she was done packing everything up, she poured the contents of the name jar and sorted through them.

Most of it was unintelligible handwriting, which shouldn't surprise her. The ones she can read were everyday things with Twig being a highlight. The cycle repeated itself until she opened up a paper that read 'Dunby'.

Dunby...Yea, she likes the sound of it.



Riida leans over to the bottom of the table where Dunby resides with a bowl of water. "Hey, Dunby..." She tested it out. To her surprise, Dunby perked his head up at the call. She couldn't help but smile warmly. "Guess you like that, huh? I'm so glad you have a name now...Dunby."

Her new partner made a delightful noise. This is a wonderful step to their time together, she can feel it.

~

It has been six months since Yuna really heard anything back from her sister. She was surprised to suddenly get a call from her with her gift sitting on her head.

"You took your time getting friendly," she said.

"Hahaa, yea. He was a tough nut at first, but he just needed to get used to his new environment. Dunsparce aren't native to Unova, after all," her older sister replied. *"Speaking of which, would you like to say hi, Dunby?"* To which 'Dunby' lifted his head up to make a cheerful chirp in greetings.

"Dunby, huh? That's...an interesting name, yet not surprising coming from you."

"Oh, uh, I didn't pick it. The younglings at the daycare did. It was either that or Custard." Yuna couldn't help but snort at the possibility that her sister picked Custard instead.

"Still," she adjusts herself in her seat, "I'm glad you didn't have too much trouble with him. I was worried that it would sit on your face when you slept."



“No, that’s Shiro’s job,” Riida replied. “Thank you so much for sending Dunby to me! I will totally do the same if I find the perfect Pokémon for you and you haven’t caught it already. Also! I need to tell you something!”

“What is it?”

“He doesn’t know any poison type moves!” Curses, maybe the next one.



Long Days and Snowy Nights

By Daiko

 Daikoski

A hiker settles down for the night, making sure each and everyone of his pokemon feel loved and warm as they handle the snowy chill of the forested mountains.

It was dreamy forest, blanketed with a mist of cool morning dew, one in which, while soothing, and chilling, seems to tingle the slightest as it presses little kisses to your skin. A gentle little prickle, that of fresh, pure, yet soft frost, dissipating into small wet buds upon your skin. Tentative life remains in stagnant bloom within the damp stretches of soil and other flora, and along skitter the small little creatures, they are.

And frigid, the forest may seem, with frosty rain to biting winds, it is not inherently foreboding. In fact, it was something he found rather welcoming, and with his trusted Pokemon at side, he faced gladly. There was a quiet, gentle stillness to the air, he found, with other pokemon seeking warmth, and many other trainers deciding to find comfort within their own homes.

Blanketed with a fresh cover of snow, it was a delicate little balance of peeking greens and pure whites as the edges of winter slipped in.

With practiced motions, the steady hiker made his way upon the paths of the mountain, each step bringing higher, closer to the top, to the peak, where then, he could claim another days of travelling well done.



Little flecks of the fallen snow dotted him, melting upon contact with his reddened, frosty, cheeks and gathering upon his bag of gear.

"My my!" The man chuckled heartily, feeling a little nudge to the palm of his hand. They adorned weathered, leather gloves, and he rubbed gently against the nose of his pokemon. A stout little fella, but very long nonetheless, a Furret gazed up at him, snow lining the crest of her fur.

"That was quite the incline, wasn't it, lass?" He grinned warmly, earning a gentle huff and another nuzzle from the pokemon.

"Yes, yes." He hummed in thought, placing a hand to his chin, still quite cheeky and energetic despite the hours spent of climbing.

"I understand you've recently come to accompany my climbing," he patted his belt, the pokeballs small compared to the rest of him — he was simply a large man, and very friend shaped to say the least! "*Especiall*y, since you are now so very keen on staying out, we can take a break!"

Glancing about, he spotted a fallen log amongst the tall trees, easily plopping down to sling off his pack and gear, before patting at his knee. The furret followed steadily, wiggling happily as she poked around his bag briefly.

And it was a much needed break as well, and even with his seasoned limbs and body, his knees groaned with an ache that only a lovely rest could help ease.

"Go on," he urged fondly, and she curled near his feet, before sticking her head into his lap, huffing once more. "No shame in needing a break. If you're tired, let us rest, then!"



And he hummed quietly to her, taking a moment to make sure she was okay, that she wasn't too fatigued, and laughed quietly. The faint sound caught the furets attention, and she peered closer to him to find that he had closed his eyes against the cold air, snow kissing at his cheeks, all smiles and sunshine. He was just a warm, jolly comfort on this cold, yet welcoming day.

"Now, we can't quite stay here all night, can we?" He asked, and Furret cocked her head. "It'll only be a short trekk, but we should find a place to camp for the night, hm?"

He heaved to his feet, hands patting together as he brushed them off. With a pleasant stretch and a gentle shake to loosen any settled snow, he reached down for Furret, though she looked away indignantly.

She hopped atop the log, where he once sat.

"Aw, I'm sorry! I know you liked the log, but in order to make a fire, we have to go somewhere safer for the forest, okay?" He slung his gear over his shoulder once more, looking up and about to ensure they were leaving the tree line a bit more.

As he did so, he bent over every so often, picking up what he hoped to be dry wood and brambles, carefully shaking off fresh snow before it could soak what would hopefully become kindling for them. His large, heavy footfalls left deep tracks, the furret hopping from track to track of his footsteps. She chirped excitedly each hop, little pawprints left in the center of the shoe mark.

It wasn't a very far distance to where they were originally, though they were considerably slowed due to their search, but, it wasn't that they were in a hurry either, after all!



He wandered a little aimlessly, but not too far off path. Hiker had noticed that at some point, Furret had slowed considerably, though allowed her to do her own thing, as she was perfectly capable of taking care of herself as well!

"This looks quite lovely, doesn't it?" He exclaimed, stopping at a neat little clearing, the sky unobstructed over head.

"Now," he begun, reaching to his belt to grasp a pokeball. "I'm sure the others would love a chance to enjoy the weather with us, no?"

He balanced two pokeballs within his palm, and they rolled slightly with the motion.

With the bright red light, and the little popping sound of the pokeballs, sprung out two Pokemon, a Geodude and a Swinub, lively and warm, before shivering in surprise from the weather. He laughed at that, although apologetic. "I hope you've been comfy this journey! It's been quite the long one, hm?" He asked aloud.

Geodude bounced at his feet, arms swaying as he scrambled up and off the snow, only to climb atop a log that was being steadily edged forward, and from behind, came a startled squeak.

Hiker looked back at that, hearing the familiar sound of Furret and Geodude bantering in their own speak, smiling.

"You dragged, the log, didn't you." He commented amusedly, grinning widely as the furret seemed to beam proudly. "Well! At least Geo is comfortable and out of the snow! You did well!"

His attention shifted to his other partner, a small, rotund Swinub that fidgeted timidly, only to brighten up when the Hiker reached out to pat Swinub heartily.



"And you, Swinub? Have you had a good trip so far?" He asked gently, earning a happy little wiggle. "Yes, I'm glad! I do apologize if it has been a boring one, next time, when you're feeling better, you can join Furret and I, okay?" He promised, and Swinub made a sound of agreement.

"Perfect!" He clapped his hands together, grinning. "Now that we are all here, I will set up camp then! You can run along and explore a little too, if you choose!"

Furret and Swinub seemed to take up on that offer immediately, darting around the circumference of the clearing before exploring a little farther than that, while Geodude remained on the log a little while longer. "If it's too cold, you can go back inside if you'd like." Hiker offered, only to receive an indignant huff. "Yes, yes, I understand!"

As he got to work on the fire, clearing out snow to expose bare ground with his hands, to setting small stones and foil to cover up the ground and catch any ashes, Geodude had begun to sneak away.

What made him have a change of heart, the Hiker briefly wondered to himself. But of course, with the influences of his other friends, he knew what perhaps made him change his mind.

He would hear rustling here and there, but the familiar huff and chirping on his loud Furret and the gravelly voice of Geodude and the more timid call of Swinub was enough indication of where the rustling originated from.

They were gone long enough for him to start preparing the stew! Alliums and all, with hearty and warm ingredients for the winter night. Roughly chopped potatoes and carrots, with perhaps a bit of dried meats and portable stock, it was simmering



lightly when they returned back, mouths stained with berry juices and fur, if they had any, tousled and snow lined.

Geodude unfurled his hand when Hiker reached out curiously, while Furret and Swinub nudged the berries forward. Round, pert little berries rolled in his palm, and he carefully tugged off his glove using his forefinger and thumb, before picking one up to his eyes.

"My, my, what's this?" He perked, examining them berries. They were cold to the touch, and seemed to be as fresh as ever "How lovely! Now, thank you so much! It wasn't too much work now, was it?"

"It seems you've got our appetizer all covered, huh! Cold and fresh, the snow must've preserved them some, hm?" He complimented appreciatively, popping one into his mouth, before holding down his palm to the three of them. "Now all we must do is wait for the stew to... stew!"

They all gathered before him when he relaxed atop the log completely, and he smiled at that, allowing them to poke about as they wished.

He held Geodude within his lap, and Swinub had placed himself upon his shoulder, fitting snugly in the crook of his neck as Furret wound herself about his legs, small paws pittering in the thin blanket of snow below.

The whispery kiss of winter wind may have stung at some point, though now it was but a gentle breeze against his rather numb cheeks. There was something calming about this night, against the backdrop of the dark sky, little white flakes could be seen floating down, as though they were the stars themselves, they were so lovely.



And he sat there for just a little longer, shutting his eyes closed as he listened to the sounds of his pokemon playing around, chittering and chattering, feeling them nuzzle close and huff as they became warmer.

He sat there, and just like every adventure, every mountain they faced together, every day and night, rain and shine, he felt at home.



ymorts stormwhat

Bonding Time

One of the many Fishermen of Pokémon takes his daughter out to sea with his Lapras and Dragonair to teach her how to fish for a watery companion of her own.

Bianca Bee Fanty

 biancabeefanty



A Break at the Vending Machines

A picnicker and their Oddish are taking a break from the Celadon City Gym, and enjoying a refreshing lemonade on the roof of the Department Store.

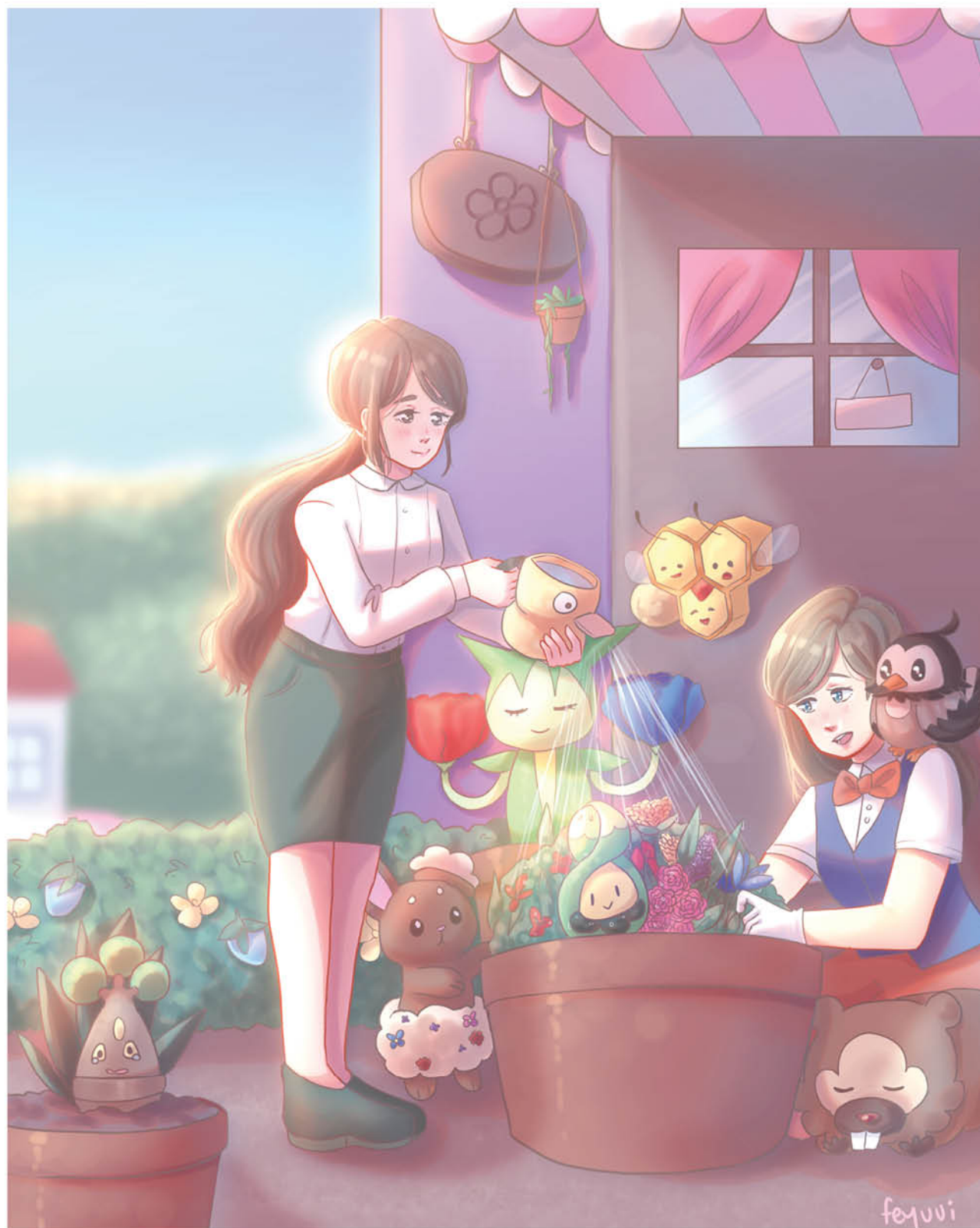
Chocomar Art

 chocomar_art



Sunset on the Street

A traveling dancer making her way through Ecruteak City with her spooky troupe of Pokémon.

Feyuui

Helping Hand

A lass is helping an aroma lady with gardening outside of a flower shop in Floaroma Town, with many small pokemon around.

itsasimplereason

t itsasimplereason



Welcome to the Pretty Petal Flower Shop!

In this image, one of the sisters who run the Pretty Petal Flower Shop (in Hoenn) is greeting the player as he enters and asks about their free Wailmer Pail deal.

Miranda

t autumn-lavelle



Head to the Fire

Conner Redwing giving orders to his Faithful partners Rain (Vaporeon) and Wave (Wartorle) on what corners to begin using their Water gun and Sand attack on the house, while he readies the fire hose. Rain and Wave respond by doing their versions of 'Yes Sir!'

Kelly Latham

 SleepyHeadKL



Route 11 Rest

Pokemart has cornered the market and sent one of their employees to follow Snorlax around with a cart of Pokeflutes.

Seekatzee



Seekatzee



Quick Snack

A waitress is being harrassed by two pokemon looking for a snack while two bystanders watch in horror.

Stan



 stanisacoolname



Grandma's Pride

A young girl presenting her first pokémon, a litten, to her proud grand-mother. What a great choice for this pokémon cat lover!

MugenGhostRider

 ghostridermugen



Friendship of Painters!

The painter trainee and her Smeargle has just painted their most unique and creative piece yet...a rainbow to sign their friendship to each other! Now, the painter and her Smeargle proudly sit on their nearby paint cans to show off their friendship to the world!

Kendrick A. Mast

 kendrick_mast



Acupuncturist's assistant

Acupuncturist: We're almost done. Beedrill will be handling the finishing touches. You shouldn't feel a thing.

Trainer(panicked):.....

Gwie**t** Gwie

Fairy tale writer

The writer ponders the idea for a new children's book.

Shmpoompls shmpoompls

Psychic Circle

The Psychic and her Meditite try to focus their psychic energy in an ancient temple, when they get a little visitor, also Espeon is there.

Viktuurishipper96

 viktuurishipper96



Pokemon Ranger at the Dock

After a long days of hard work, a female pokemon ranger is relaxing at the dock by the lake while looking at the pokemons in the sky.

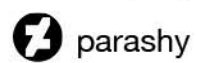
Cal

 iervenn

Pokemon Flower Caretaker

A pokemon Flowershop Owner/caretaker watering some flowers while laughing because her Flabébé made a funny joke.

Parashy



Pokemon Garden

A gardener welcomes her new crop of Oddish while the rest of her pokemon frolic around.

Maya**t** thelibrarychick

Deep Sea Diving

Scuba diver spends his day to day exploring the deep ocean waters, collecting rare treasures, and spending time with his Pokémon friends under the sea.

Minty Cocoa

 Mintanncomics



Teaching Biology with Alakazam

Biology Professor uses Alakazam's psychic powers to manipulate a DNA model in order to teach two of her students about DNA replication.

Alex Cooney-Uribe

 quasarcastic



A Helping Hand

Astronaut Mae and her helpful companion Magnezone perform a tethered routine maintenance check on Rotom Space Station 6.

Sam-murott Sam_Murott

Bear Hug

Following several hugging-related mishaps, Alolan forest trial volunteers have now been tasked with keeping tourists away from wild Bewear.

Yoyo Scout

 Yoyo.scout



A Veteran's Weekend

After a long week of work the Veterans like to settle down and catch a break from the youngsters.

Kip Benjamin (ipkipi)



Beauty Nova

Beauty Nova is the first openly transgender character in Pokemon. I have depicted her here as a top model on the front of a popular Kalos magazine.

707kuroyuki

 707_kuroyuki



New Inspiration, New Art

The Artist decided to go to the coast with smeargle, her pokemon and partner. She needs an inspirational idea for her new art, but as always she is looking so cheerful.

kurokaoru kurokaoru03

Kawaii Sailors

Have you ever wondered what sailors do on SS Anne while sailing the seas? They enjoy themselves, even taking groufies, on their journey.

Rubin

Rubindraws

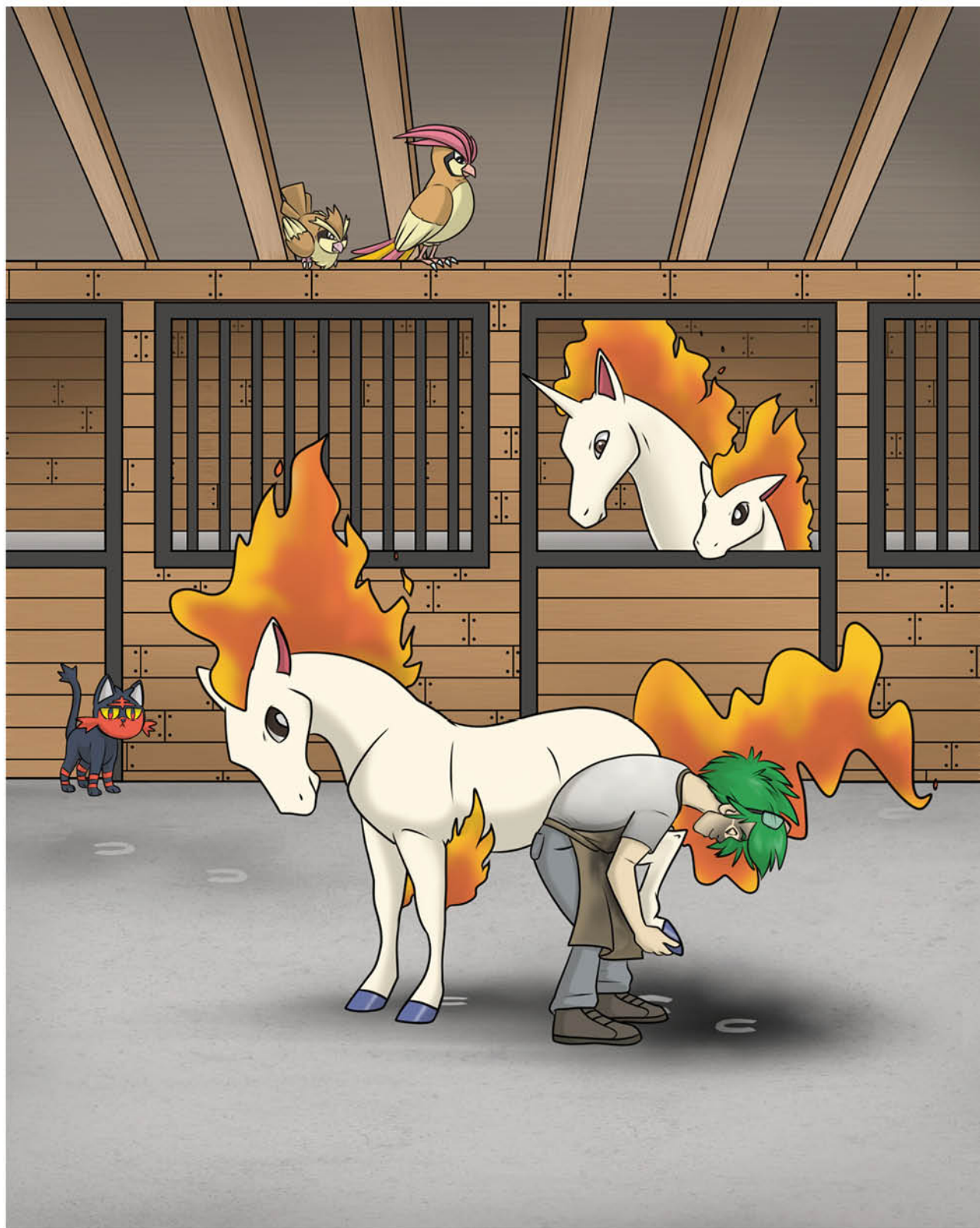


An Evening Performance

Travelling from town to town, Russ and their companion Houndour bring excitement and wonder through the fire-breathing shows they perform.

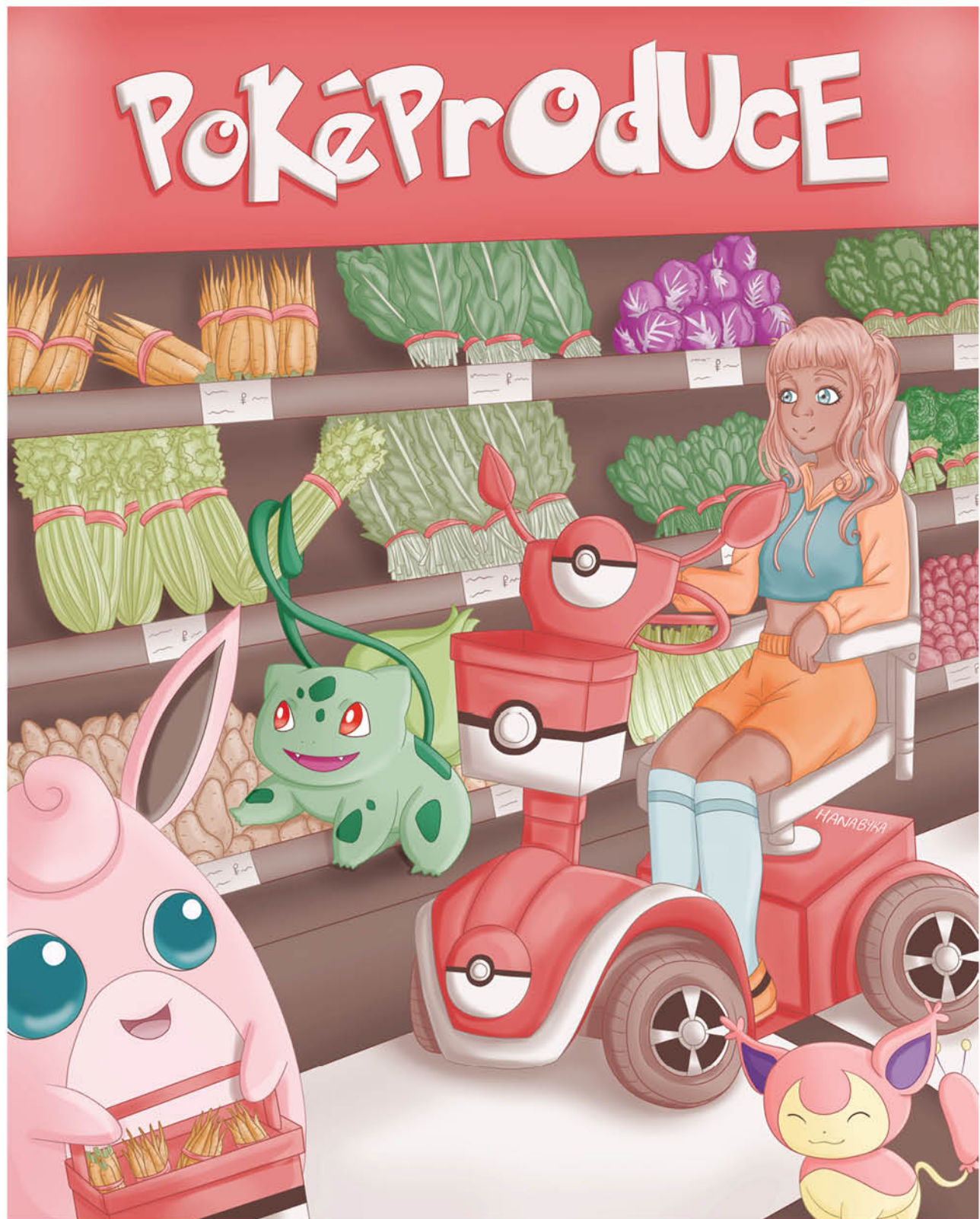
Elizabeth Grr “paperdonkeys”

 paperdonkeys



The Ponyta Farrier

The Ponytas require special farriers that can handle their fiery personalities.

Hanabyka

PokéProduce Helpers

Customer on mobility scooter and her pokémon: bulbasaur, wigglytuff and skitty, all grocery shop together.

Ariana lookat_aridraw

The Western Way

Traveling along side her trusty steed, Mudsdales and her cute companion, Mareep, this Vaquera explores the Wild West for her next battle!

Kyla Phakhailathavong

 kvong_art



Channeler Curse

The Channelers of the Pokemon tower in Lavender town are out for blood. If you're not careful they'll put a curse on you.

LadyPixelHeart lady_pixelheart

Alola Pokemon Center Cafe

A barista from one of the the Pokemon Center Cafe's from Sun and Moon serving coffee to a nameless NPC and her Rockruff. Her partner in the cafe is a Vanillite that's good at making frappes and foamed drinks.

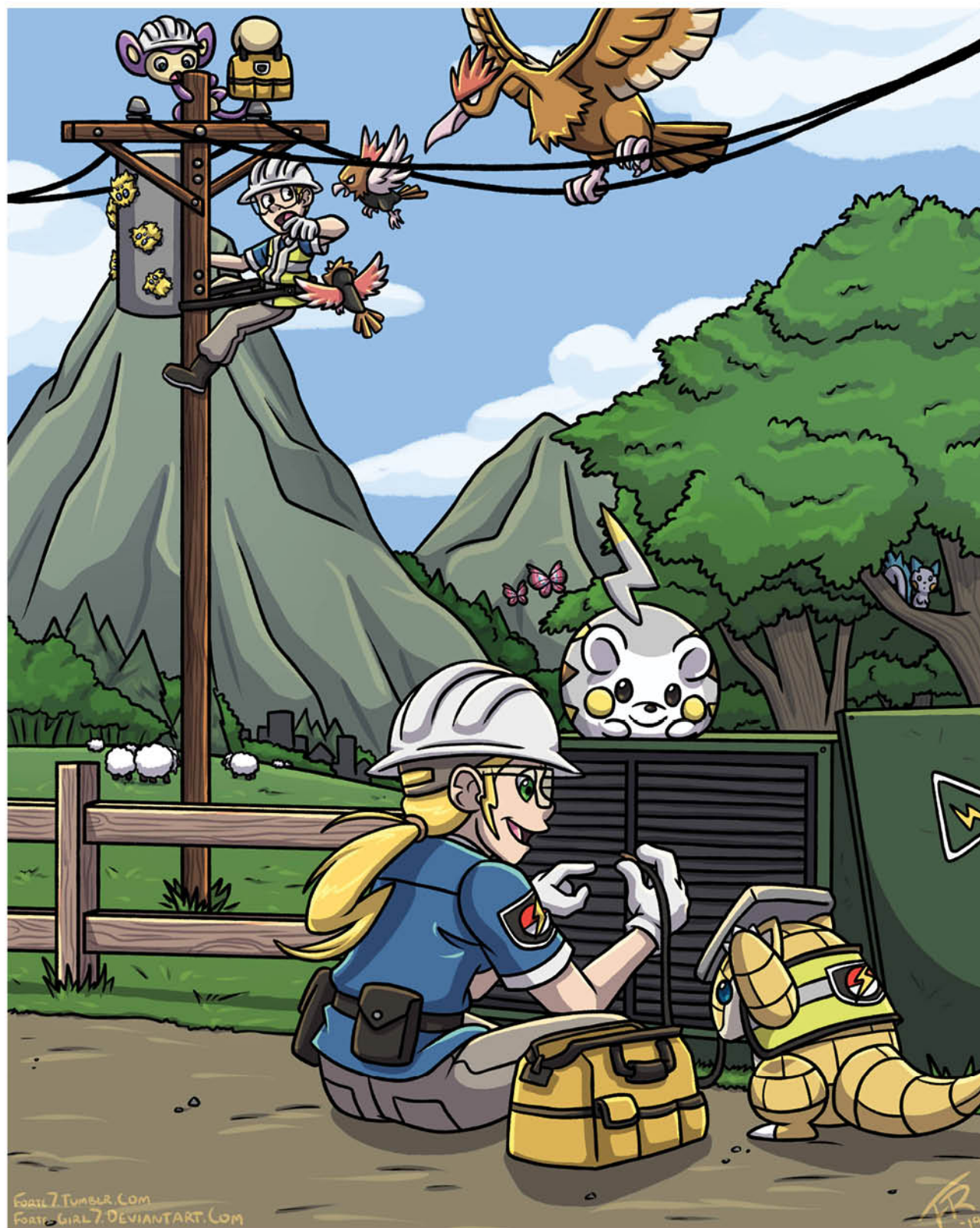
elala



It's a Gathering!

The Pokemon fan club having their annual gathering, but instead of talking about Pokemon, it ended up into a Pokken Tournament kind of day.

Fil Romero



A Countryside Call

Two electricians are sent out to a country road to check the power lines, but a simple job isn't always that simple.

Anna Colasanti

 Theartistac



Psyduck and the Psychologist

Psyduck finally gets help with their massive stress headaches from an expert Pokémon psychologist.

Luca (Luxanix)

 Luxanix



Planting Dusk

A gardener and her Pokémon tending to their plants for the last time that night.

Emm Alba

 emm.does



The Kindler

The Kindler upgrades his campfire for a street food booth at a festival, meeting a lovely Beauty touring Hoenn.

Chompy chompalotart**Aaaaand, sit! Good girl!**

At the end of the day, my job is just to make people better Pokemon companions!

Bii



biifolio



Preschoolers Having Fun with Baby Pokémon!

Preschoolers having a good time with the baby pokémon from the kindergarten. Break time has never been so fun!!

Mary dreameffectss

Rockin Locked Doors

A grumpy locksmith deals with his partner Klefki stealing numerous keys around town.

No Artificial Fruit Juice

t Noartificialfruitjuice



Trundling Along

Discover untrodden treasures in the safety and comfort of a small group and with an expert local Sudowoodo here at Sudow Trails.

Zach Heiser

 ZachHeiser1



Dusty Trail

A backpacker is on Route 4 in Unova, looking for a water bottle & goggles during a sandstorm. Items fall out of his backpack while a wild Dwebble is checking them all.

Angelica Claudio

 kitsuguardian



Working Hard

Relaxing police officer at his desk with his pokemon. Unfortunately, a few of them are up to some mischief.

Mic Salmon

 weirdghostparty



Quiet

A lifeguard and her pokemon take a moment to enjoy the sunset and the pool to themselves.

Rebecca Michaud

 rmichaud.art



Feeding the Birds

A mother and her daughter feed the bird Pokémon in the National Park after their picnic lunch.

EpicDOM

Monstruction Crew

On the construction site of a brand new Pokemon Center, Pokemon and Humans enjoy a break from a hard day's work.

Angelica Centeno

 RedRagoonie



Painter's Secret

This artist is famous for her landscape art which features majestic and epic Pokémon. It's a secret how she is able to find such Pokémon.

Casey K. MsNightmare24

Baking The Morning Away...

Our sweet Baker is up early with her pokemon making all the bread and sweets before they open the bakery for the town.

Émilie Bourgeois



Turn Off Your Rotom Before the Show

Patrons sneaking in Rotom cameras to record musicals have been on the rise, and Nimbasa Musical Theater ushers are at their limit.

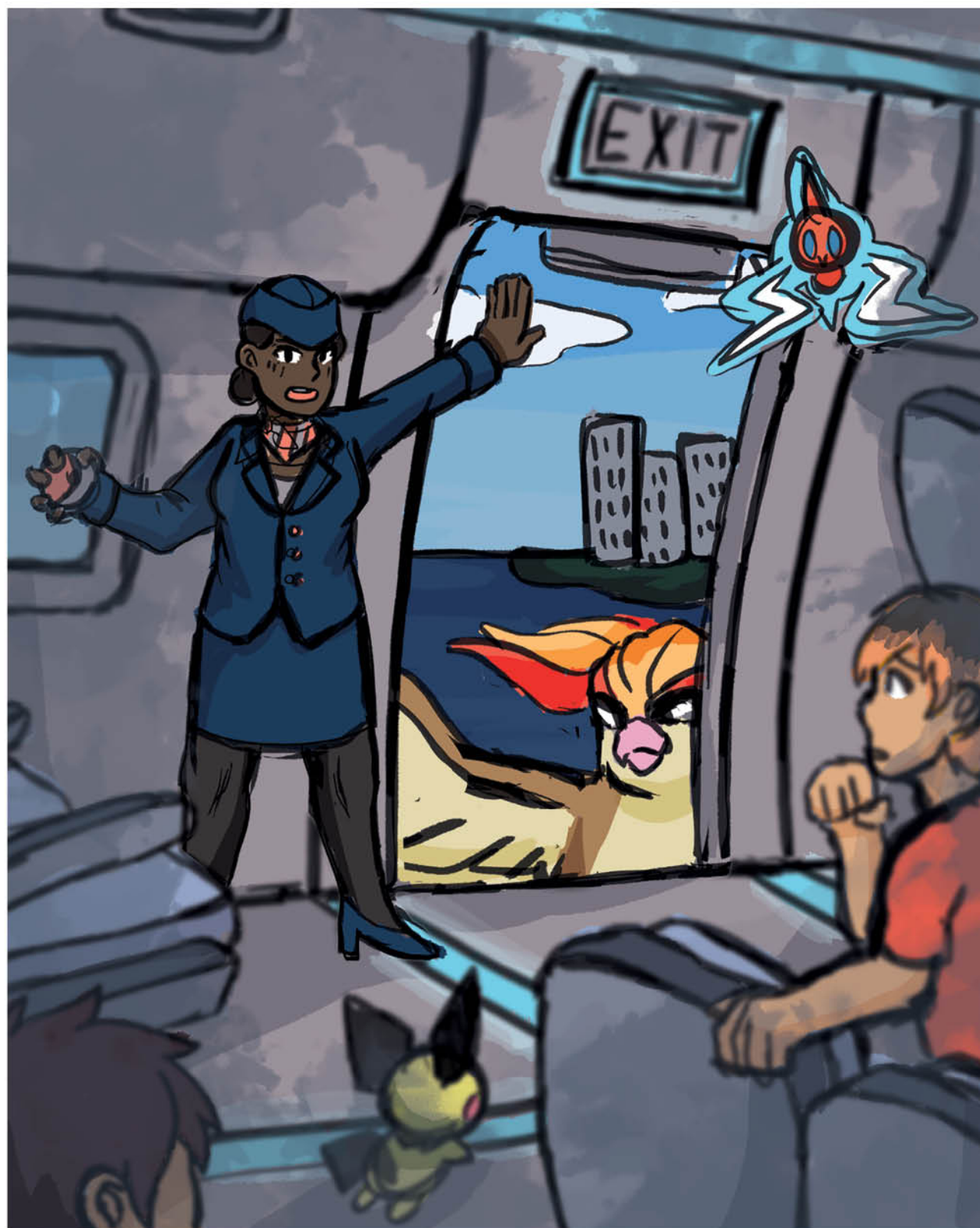
Alex White

 WarlockSalarez



Forged In Flame

In the distant past, knights wandered the land and defended people and Pokemon alike from the many threats of the untamed wilds.

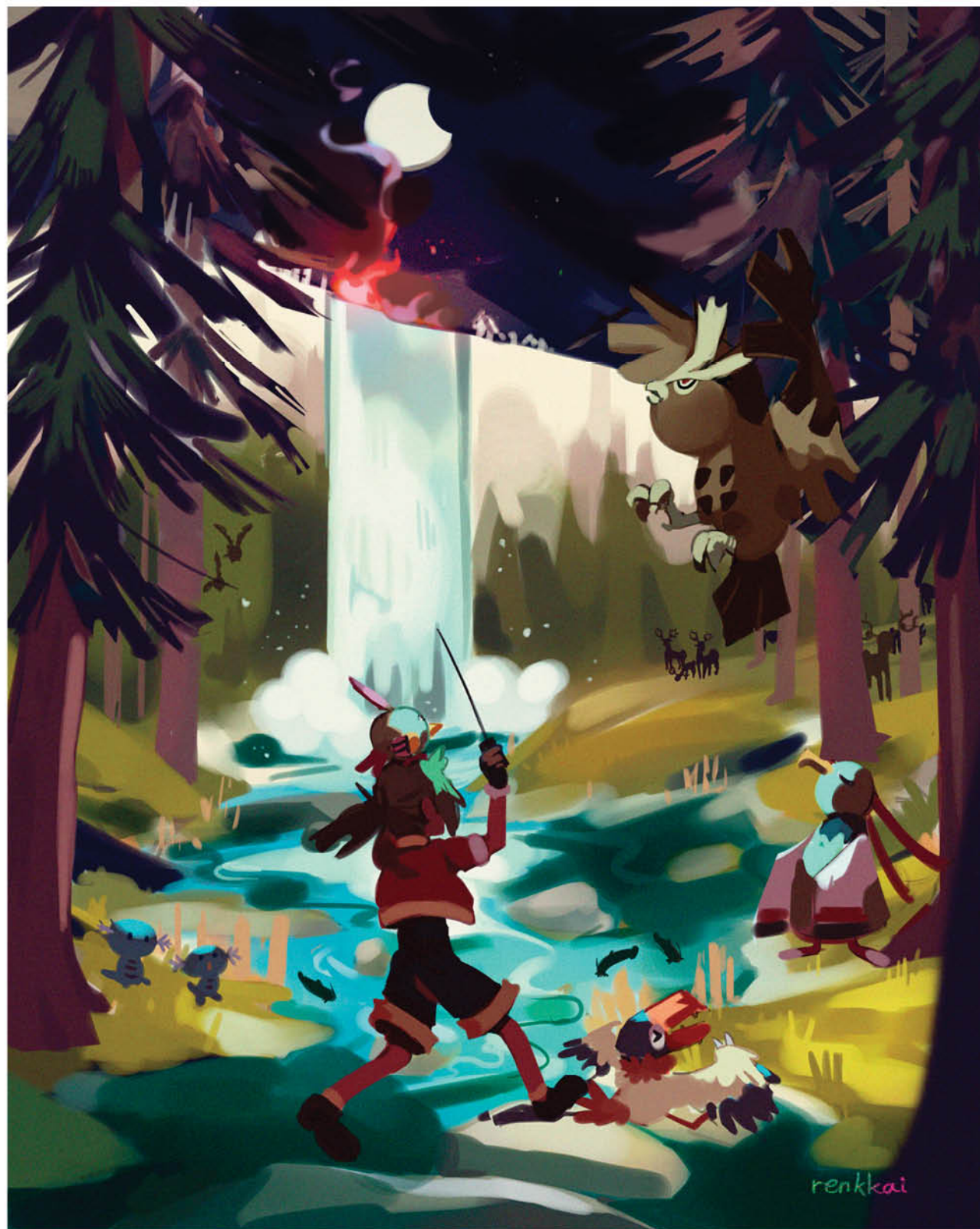
Larkabark

Flight Evacuation

With the help of her Pokemon, a plane's flight attendant helps her passengers evacuate during an emergency.

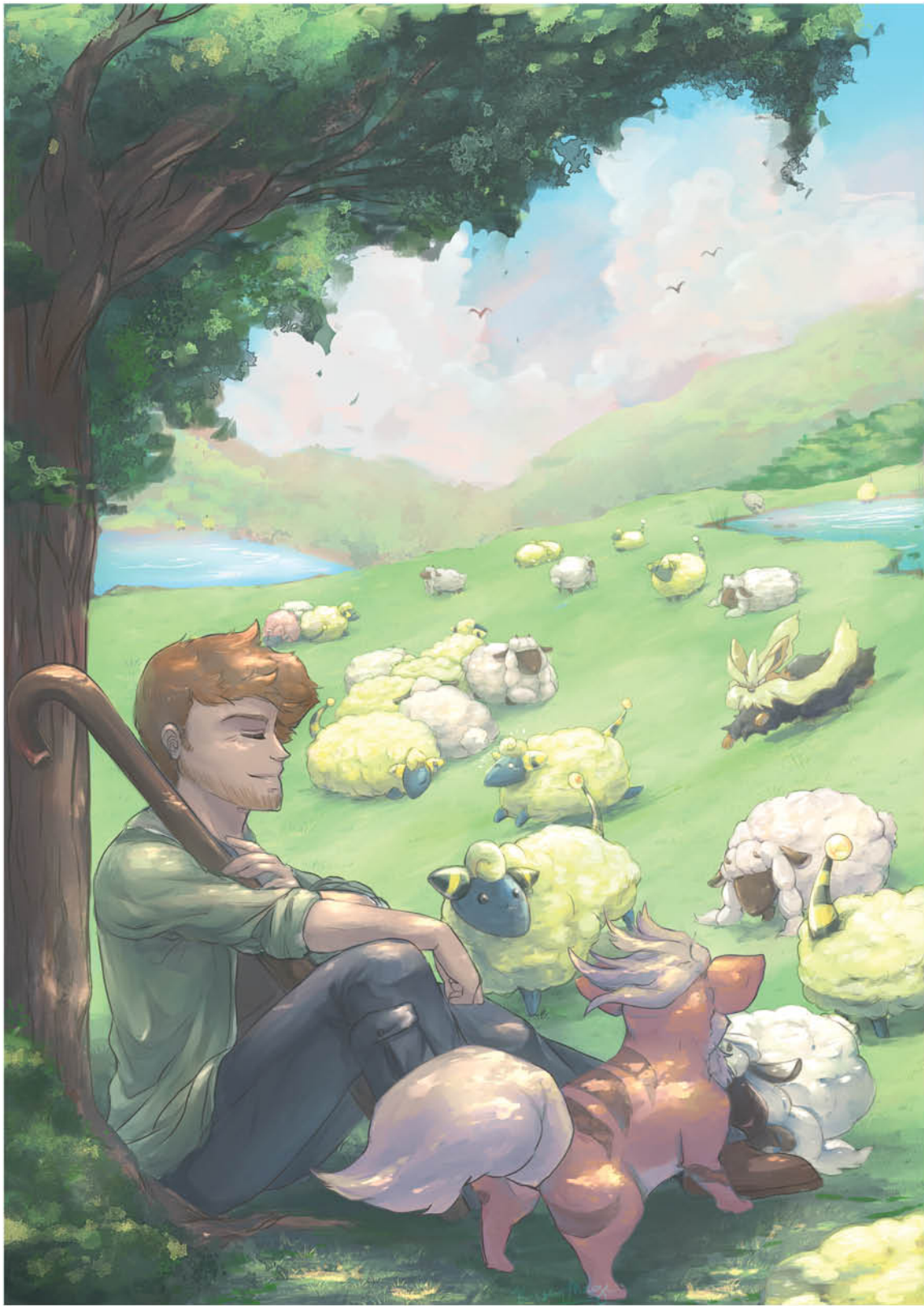
Renkkai

t renkkai



Special Ranger Mission: A mysterious light at night?

A strange fire-like source of light has appeared at night and Pokémon around the area are concerned about it! Put an end to this, Ranger!

KrisseyMage**t** krisseymage

The Herd

Shepherd takes a break under the cool shade after a long day of herding.

Sheyh

 Jittery_slob



Light 'em Up

In the outskirts of the woods, a pyrotechnic with the help of her growlithe prepare to light the fireworks for a festival celebration.

Carr carrsscrap

Practice

Alolan hula dancer is dancing along with her Oricorios on Hano Beach.

8Bit Galaxy



Another All-nighter

A Dissertation isn't nearly as easy as catching them all- Especially when it's due in a month. At least your buddy is there for good company.

Juliana Soares

 juscasoares



Trick or Treaters

Three trick-or-treaters - one dressed as Phantump, other dressed as Litwick, and another one as Shuppet - asking a stranger for candy.

DK Yingst DK_Yingst

Keep Routes Beautiful

An older gentleman and his bulbasaur volunteer to pick up poke balls from failed attempts to catch the local pokemon.

Graveyard Prince

 GothPrinceErik



Pokepuff Patisserie

A Lumiose City pastry chef tests out her new pokepuffs with her beloved Pumpkaboo; who seem to like her creation.

Nathan Mervyn

 LightOblivion



A learning experience

The young new custodial worker was asked to wear a gas mask especially in these parts a mistake he won't make again.

Oliver Niko

 Oliver__Niko



Changing Lives

A girl and her Lycanroc make artificial limbs for humans and Pokémon.

Toast

 oreocorio



Moonlight

A woman finds an old abandoned stuffed toy and decides to restore it.

Rebecca Main

 madartistparadise.com



Cirque des Pokemon

Aerial Dancer illuminating the 'sky' with her Articuno, Fire Dancer illuminating the 'earth' with his two Arcanines, a band of Pokemon come together to illuminating the 'mystic space', all led by their Ringleader and his trusty Zorua to bring forth a marvelous show of dances and music with stunning visuals. They are known as 'Cirque des Pokemon'.

Alex/alexyanlila

 alexyanlila



By the Alolan Sea

A Pokémon Ranger having a relaxed debate with his good friend while the two enjoy a vacation.

Jo Anderson

jk_drawz_



Operation Net Removal!

A pokemon ranger finds herself having to remove a giant net from a Gyarados with the help of her water pokemon buddies!

L Michelle Thomas

 fluffyzx



Perfectly Decorated

Cake decorating can be tough, but this pastry chef has extra hands in the kitchen. Everyone does their part to make the perfect cake!

Rae Nooney

t goodbulbasaur



Quils at Work

Kindra teamed up with Cyndaquil during her apprenticeship. They spend their days turning out elegant blown glass sculptures for everyone in Johto to enjoy.

FairytheArthog fairythearthog

Creating community

Lex has started a community garden with the help of local Pokémon and her Pichu. It appears to be gaining attention from her neighbors as well.

Clairitea

Prism Tower

Tourists and their pokemon, Skiploom, pose for a photo in front of Prism Tower in Lumiose City!

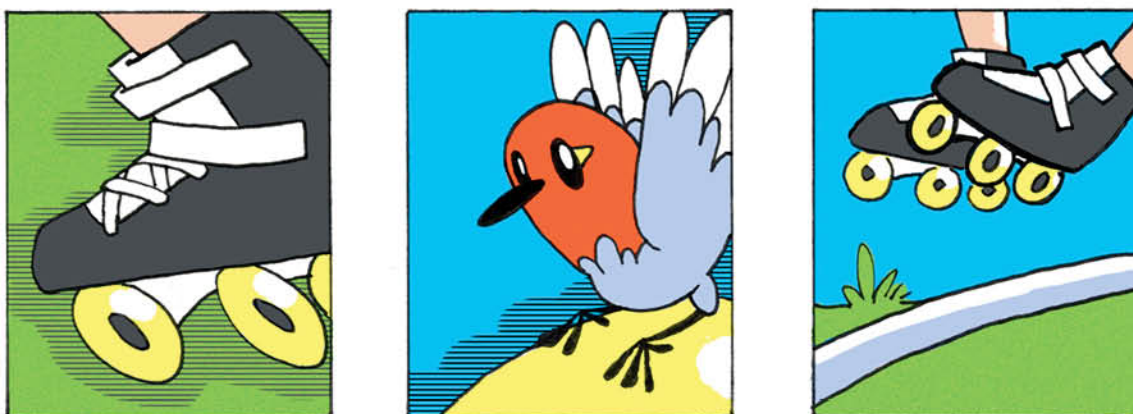
Bee Excellent

 bee_excellent



No Slaking

A group of Battle Girls watch in amusement as their youngest member trains!

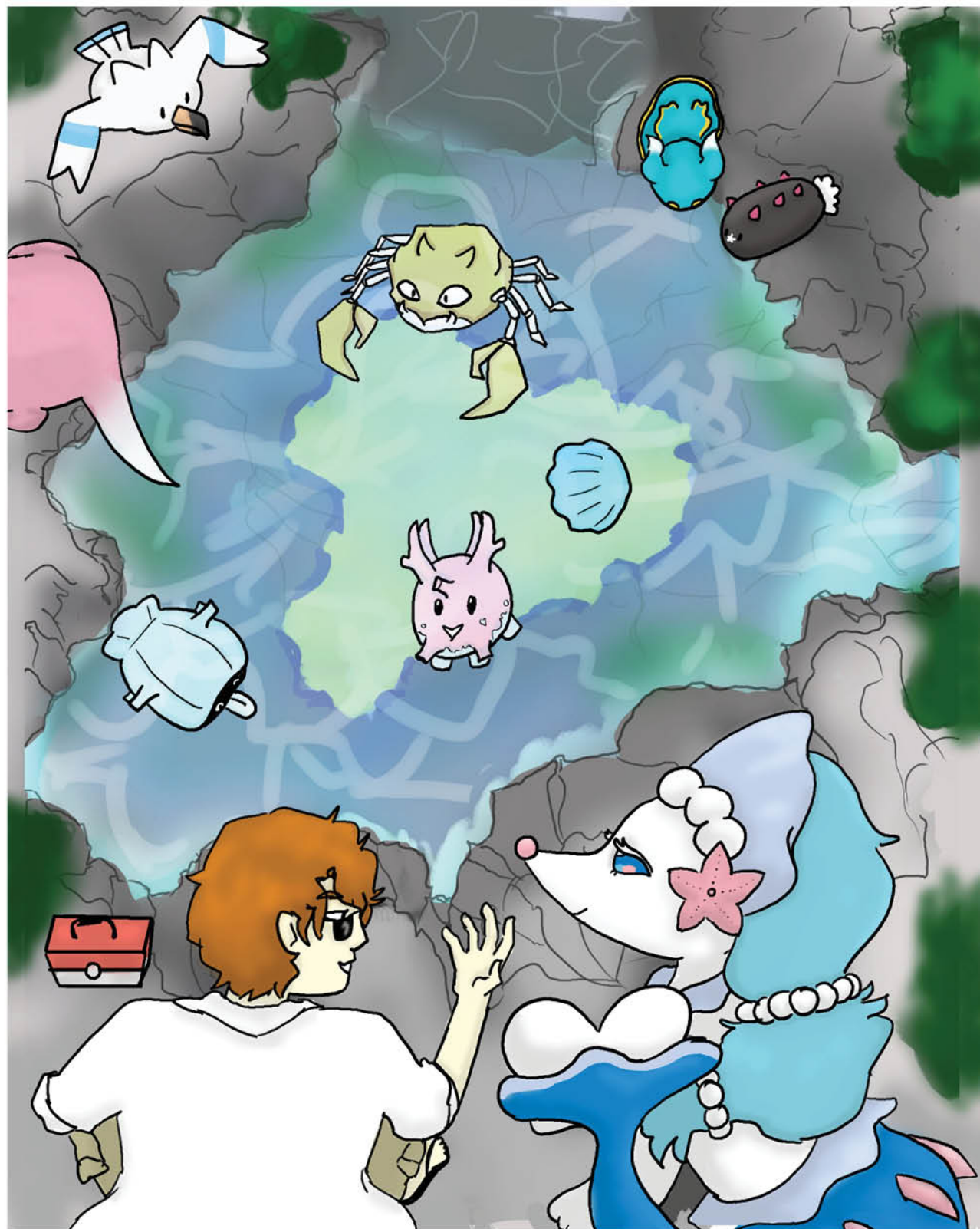
BvB themintrabbit

Rollerskaters

Rollerskaters work with their bird Pokemon for support when unlocking new tricks.

gravitality

@_gravitality_

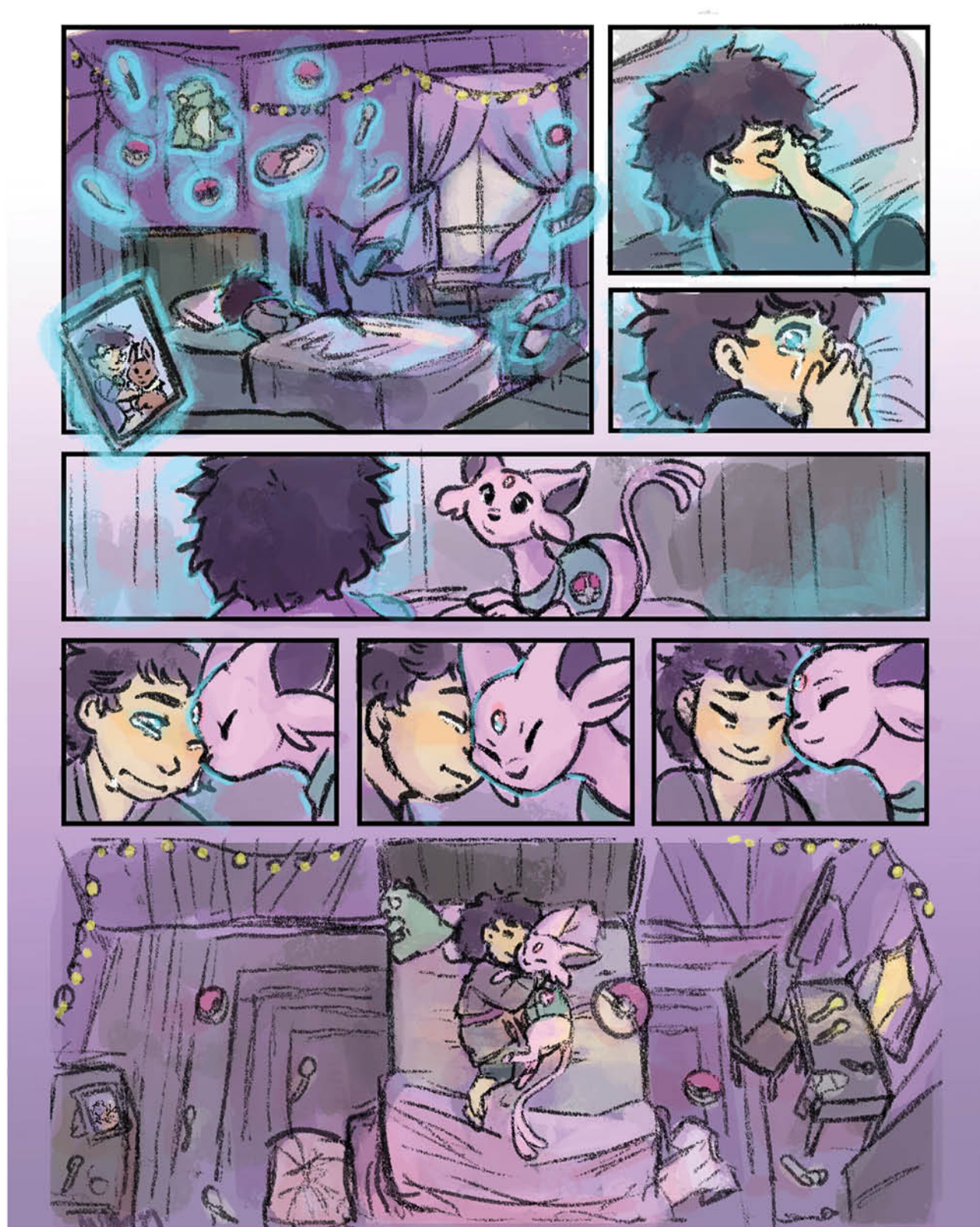


Tide Pools

A marine biologist teaches his Primarina about local tide pools.

A.Vigorito

 Vigoburrito



Peace of Mind

Sunshine, an emotional support Espeon, comforts her beloved trainer as he struggles in a battle against his greatest enemy -- his very own mind.

Dragon Cat Arts

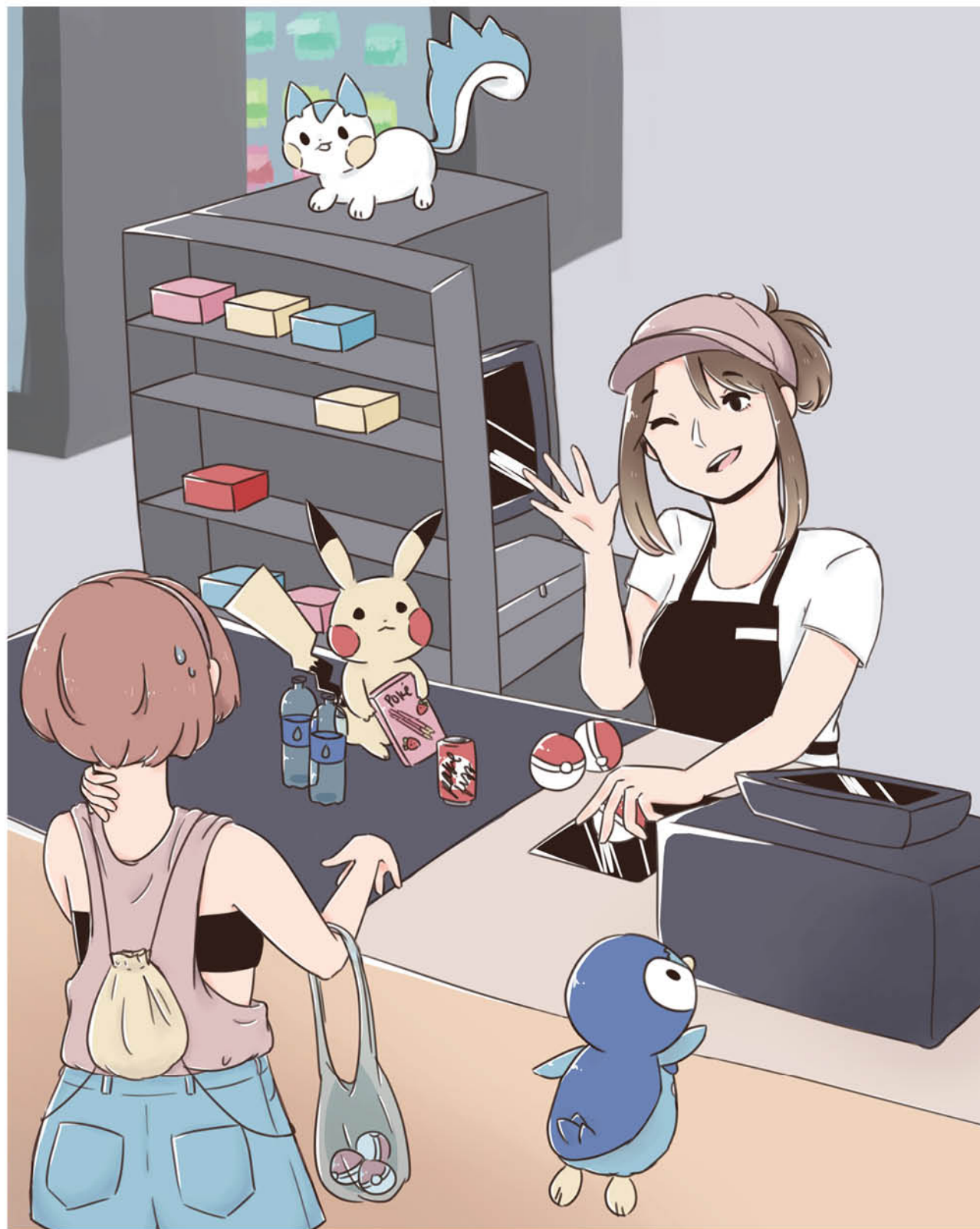
📷 dragon_cat_arts



Ranger Teamwork!

Pokemon ranger with his two partners rescuing a local cat pokemon from a tree.

euni

 euniitty

Just the necessities

Stopping by the store for just a few things before the pokemon decide they want a few more things.

Bear

t chilidogpaella

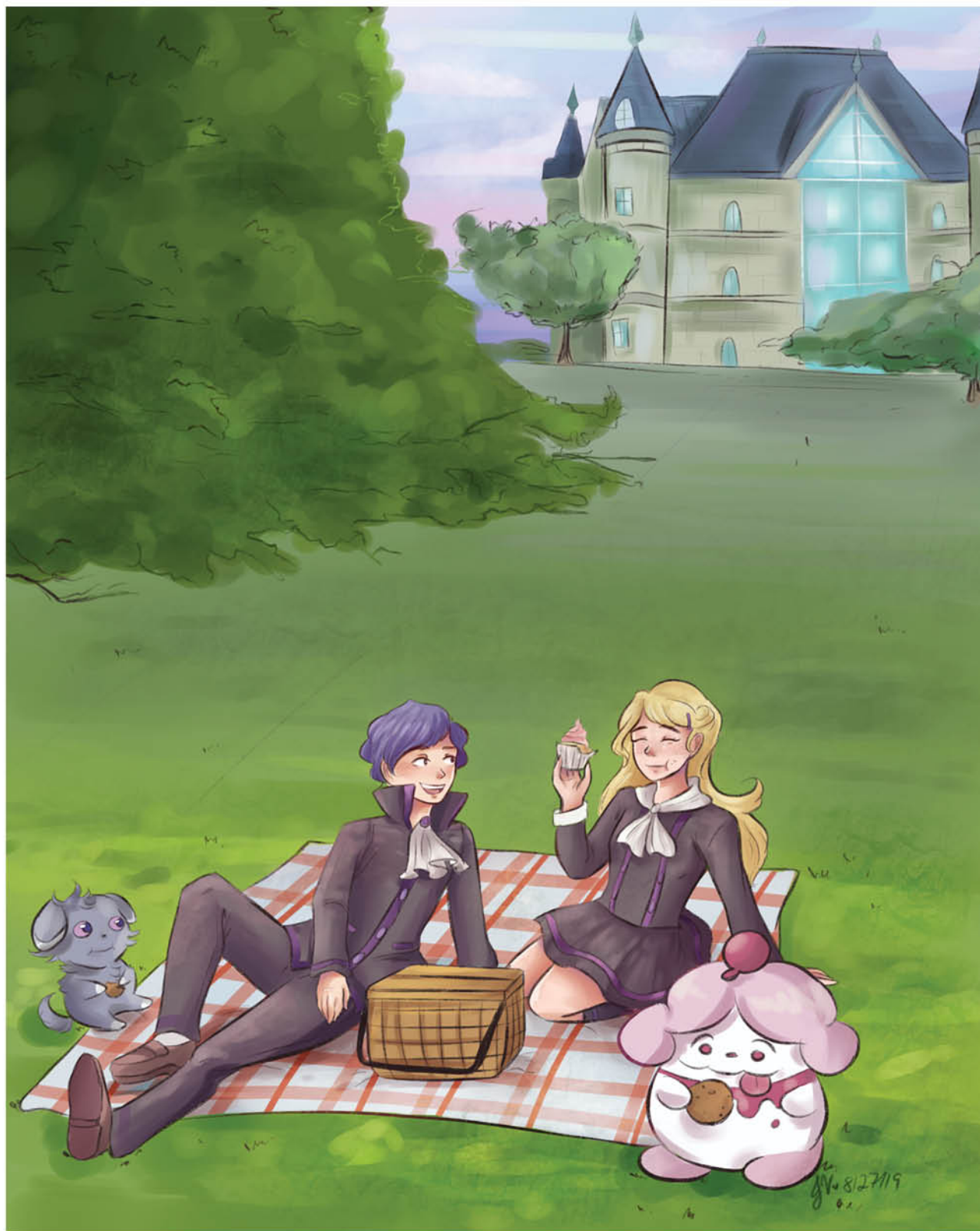


We Need A Drummer...

Lost Hotel punk band needs to win big at a competition but can't afford a drum kit. Can they get by with a Rotom-possessed drum machine?

Joanna Vera

 petitanzu



Snack Break!

Two ace trainers from the Kalos region having a picnic outside of the Battle Chateau with their pokémon. They're enjoying little treats as a break from their daily battles.

Kirstin J Hill

 alphaghuleh



Angry Sample Collection

Veterinary nurses are tasked with collecting a blood sample for routine health screening on a Pikachu... unfortunately, Pika is not amused!!

Capsule Quest

 capsule_quest



National Park Gardening Services

Trimming hedges goes a little faster when you've got help from a giant bug with claws for hands.

Artie Artiethebeeboiart

Walk Home

Six teenage students walk home after school, some accompanied by their Pokemon.

Morven Moeller

 Portfolio.Mo



Finishing Touches

Mincinnos love to clean and dust, so it made sense for a janitor to keep one, but sometimes she dreamed of moving on to another line of work.



Hotel Cleaning Routine

Hotel staff have always relied on Pokémon such as Minccino and Chimecho to help tidy up the rooms—only the best service for their guests!

Ryan Macraii

Work Hard, Sleep Hard

A black belt in training takes a quick power nap with its partner Purrloin after a hard workout.v

hikaria

rendez-vous au café

Two tourists in Lumiose are enjoying a coffee date at one of the cafés when their Fennekin happily interrupts.

Sleepy Witch Narcolepsy

 sleepywitchart



Ghost Picnic

A Hex Maniac and a Channeler having a picnic in a graveyard with some ghost pokemon while they talk about their favorite famous ghost trainers.

Ani ani_devo

Pokemon Bazaar

A merchant in a bazaar tries to sell his goods while Pokemon roam around his shop.

Mallory

 marzfartz



Gotta Dress Em All

Another day, another outfit done! Gotta dress em all!

Amb

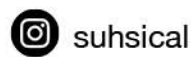
 little_amb



Scented Friends

A perfumer is combining scented oils extracted from various Pokémon together, two Spritze (one shiny) are sitting on the perfumer's shoulder observing the process and Petilil is sitting on the table in front of them.

Rachel Suhs



Lunch Break

Lumberjack Oscar takes a break from chopping down trees while his teddiursa gets into his lunch.

Ryan Drake

 RyanHDrake



Adoption Day

The local Pokemon shelter is having an adoption event featuring unwanted pokemon. A young boy picks out his first pokemon- a Raticate- much to his father's dismay!

Manders

 derxderdraws



A Whale of a Problem

A caretaker at a Wailmer sanctuary gets suddenly overwhelmed when all of the Wailmer decide to evolve at the same time. Anyone have a bigger pool she can borrow?

Art by Little Miss Luna

 artbylittlemissluna



An Average Day at Moomoo Milk Farms

The experienced employees of Moomoo Milk Farms know that the overzealous newbies will learn their place soon enough.

Kate Delaney

404n_tfound



Counting Woolloos

A knitter dozes in the grass while their woolloo friends graze in the valley.

zinamiZYO zinami_zyo

Flourishing Berry Farm

A high demand of berries prompted people to settle down in rural areas to start their own farms, supported by their pokemon.

Lisa Sprenger / Delight

t delightsart



Memorial Wreath

Old Lady ordered a wreath for her husbands grave, which the cemetery gardner is laying down.

Samantha Yap

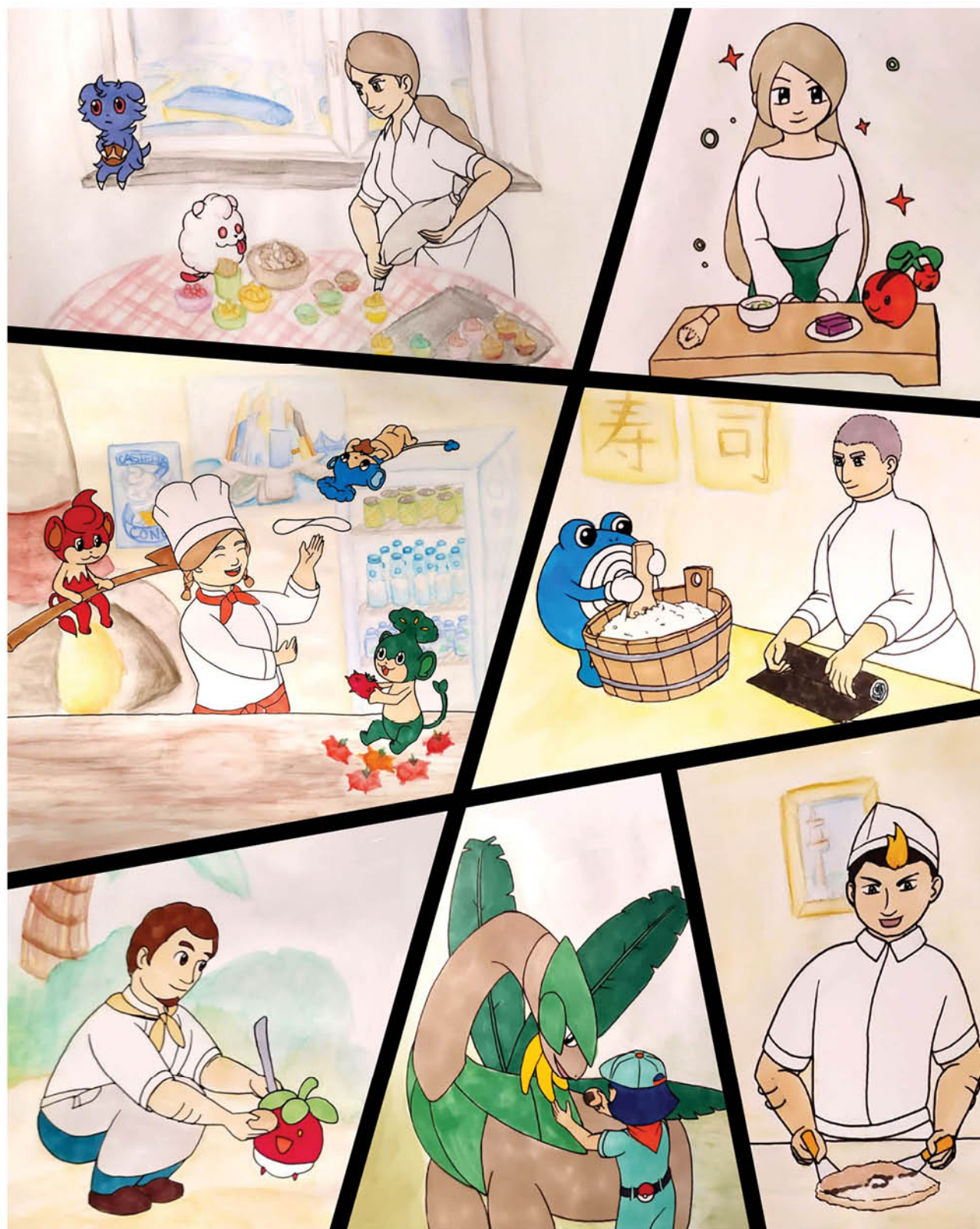


Moo Moo Milk Ad

Ad in magazines, Pokemarts, Pokecenters, for Moo Moo Milk. Advertised for healing and guaranteed grass-fed organic dairy ft. Miltanks.

Rhine

t rheincloud



Food across the World

Various Trainers across the Pokémon World are cooking and enjoying different regional food.

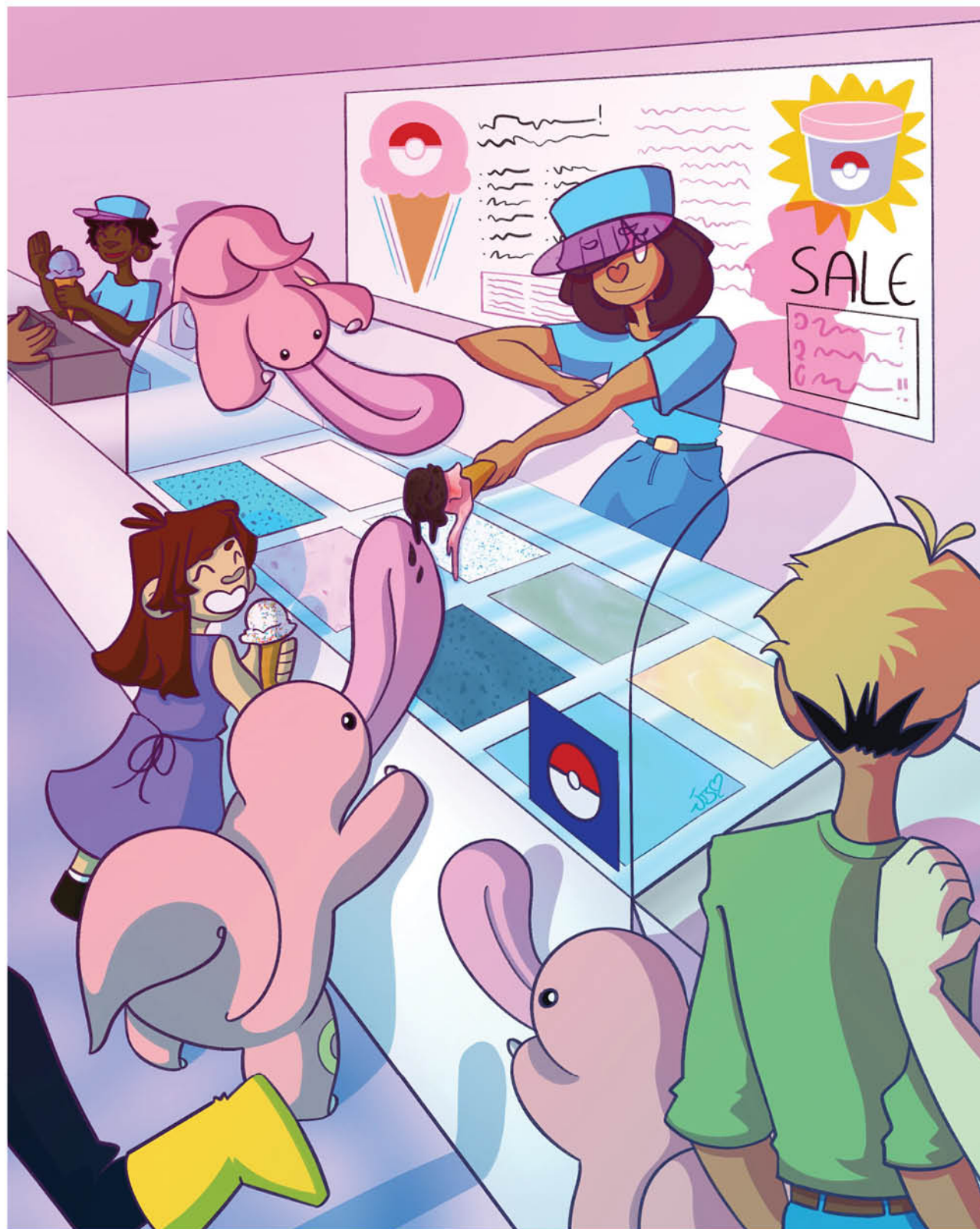
Emily Erdos

 emilyerdosart



Pokéwalk

A part-time Pokéwalker losing control of the many dog-like Pokémon she is taking for, what should be, a calm stroll.

moriariohno moriariohno

Sweet Tongues

An ice cream shop caters to its most valuable customers, a horde of Lickitungs.

Kailyn D'Elena



Puddles & Parasols

A rainy day won't stop this Parasol Girl from taking a stroll with some friendly Pokemon on Unova Route 8!

Ileana Nazario

 Skeptical.Bear

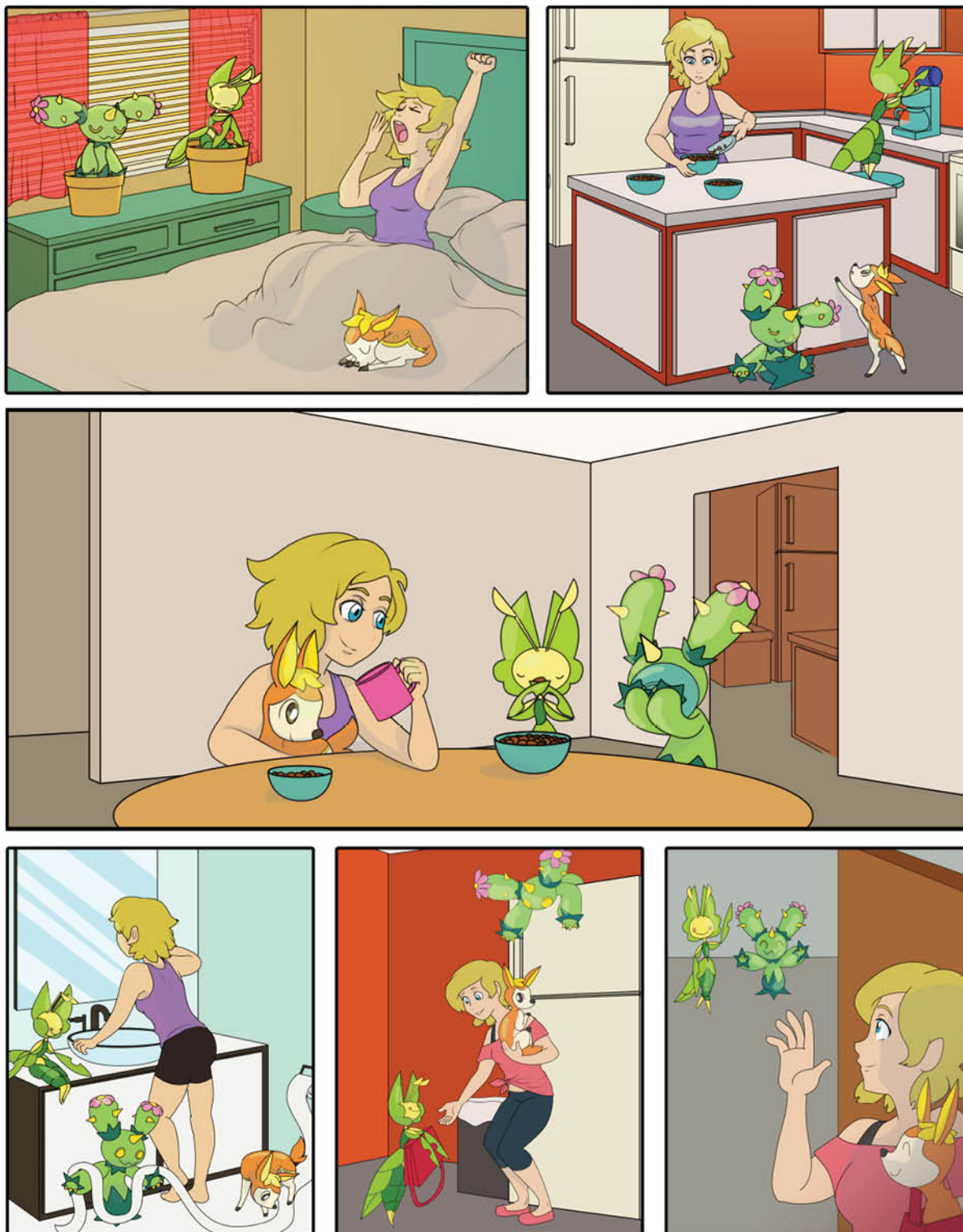


Battle Girl

Battle Girl training with a Sawk as a Fighter, Brelom, Bagon, Medicham. and Toxicroak watch.

Selina Kucera

 selinasage



Twitter: @SelinaKucera

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Morning Routine

Local girl waking up and going through her morning routine with the help of her Beloved Leavanny, Maratcus and her young Deerling before finally heading out the door to start her day.

Chibsi ShutUpChibsi

Cotton Candy

At a festival, a young girl is selling her famous pokemon styled cotton candies; a few pokemon are more than eager to try.

Hannah Kim

 hannahtheillustrator



Sleeping on the Job

The head of security at the Hearthrome City Art Institute walked into one of the exhibits only to find one of her security Pokemon not doing his job on his night shift.

Amber Akin almondmilkart

Rest

A cowgirl and her Ponyta take a quick break from working the ranch to rest by a riverbank and make friends with the Poliwags.

Haley Stalford

 haleystalford



Fishing Boy

Oops!

Brittany Dautel

 Wolf Dynasty Studios



A Walk in the Park

Canine pokemon pack a ton of energy! Dog Walkers invest in “Extreme Pokemon Gear” to help burn energy, and add loads of fun for both the Dog Walker and Pokemon.

KID

K1d005



Magic Show

The juggler performed an amazing performance with Shinx and Ampharos.

Little Kyuu

 littlejellyart



Rollout Hills Ranch

Two ranch-hands watch over various herding Pokémon with their steeds and canine companions. Look out for dragons masquerading as sheep!

Sanzaki Kojika

 sanzakikojika



The Challenges of a Stylist

The everyday challenges that a Pokemon stylist (groomer) faces.

Elvie Mae Parian

flightlessbutstilltrying



The Classroom

Exams are soon, but it's hard to keep focus with some kids chatting on about their older siblings returning from the League.

Hina hinadraws

Love Day

Two trainers have gathered their beloved Pokémon for their special day. Oh, it seems some Flabébé are here to join the celebration as well!

StaciNadia**t** stacinadia

Guide Fox

A blind young woman gets assisted by her seeing-eye Ninetails, who uses his tails to direct her away from hazards.

Berry

 faint-requiem



Tytan Vs. Dustra'' Screen-test-TAKE 1!

The nervous newcomers, Tyranitar and Dustox are getting ready for their first screen-test of their film debut.

Angelli Barrientos

 artgelli



Poké Grooming

After a long day of beautifying pokémon, an exhausted poké groomer stands among glittering, happy and clean pokémon.

savvy lavy

No Longer Alone

Clerk Trisha always rides the Ferris wheel that always filled her with memories even as seasons and hardships pass her by.

Kurosixx


Pokecat Cafe

The Pokémon cat cafe is off to a great start with a friendly staff member greeting her guests.

Rohanshire rohanshire

Invasion at Nimbasa City Park

An attendant welcomes some unexpected guests into the crowded amusement park one evening.

Ra-ooo



Prohibited Entry Or Not?

Part of a TSA agent's job at Alola's airport is determining that entering pokemon aren't invasive or banned in the region.

Jaime Mosquera

 elsombreronart



Almost Ready!

A party planner tries to decorate the party venue as their Ludicolo practices to entertain the guests.

Nikole Murphy



 AmethystCreatures



Poké-Ranching

Pokémon Rancher Jolene takes a break from working by embarking on a trail accompanied by her Adamant Rapidash, timid Sobble and naive Rockruff partners.

Celeste Biggar

 ci_ci_elizabeth



Curious Pokemon

Photographer for the leading Pokemon nature magazine finds himself being more apart of the Pokemons habitat than he expected.

Shania Santos

 sketch_a_doodle

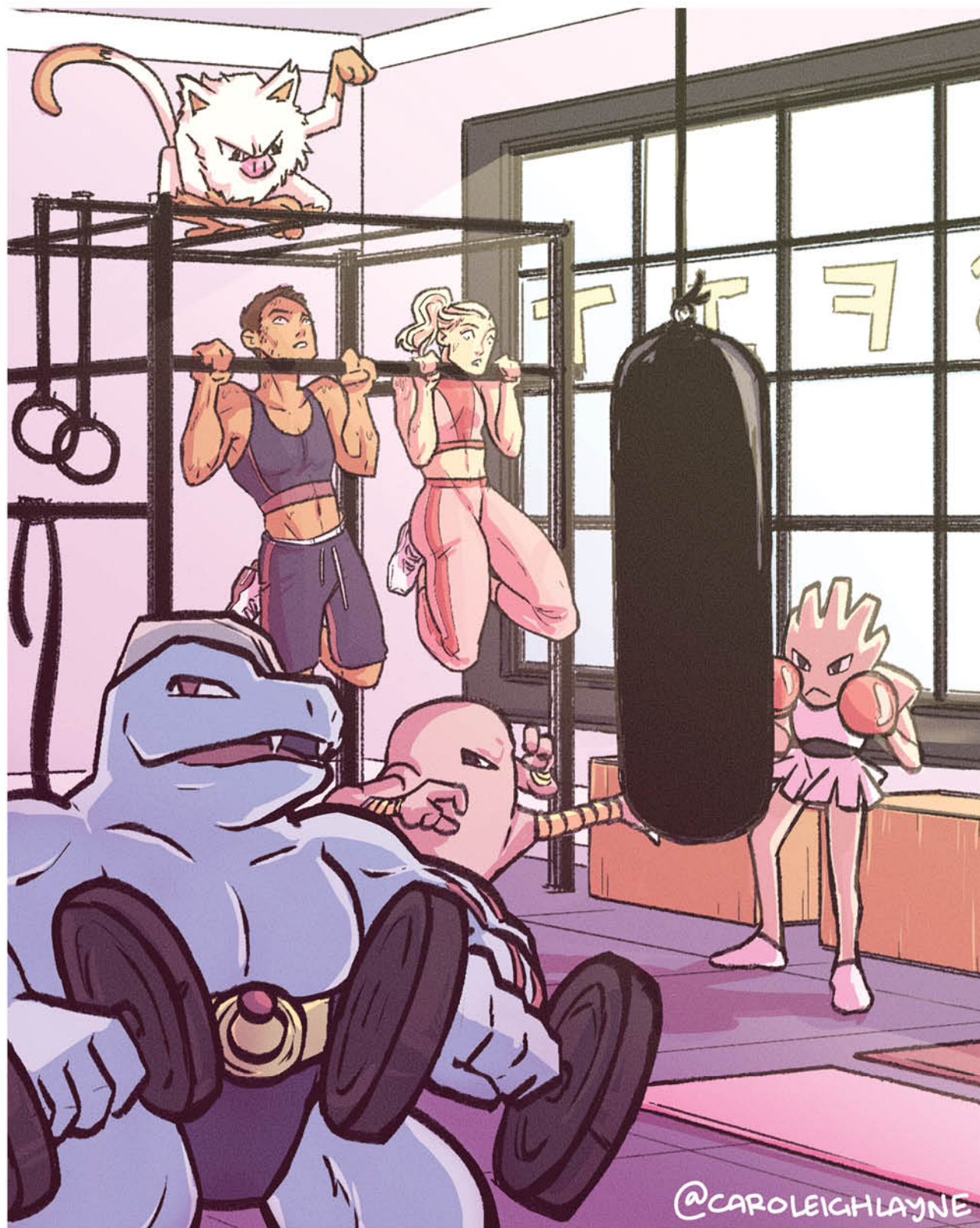


Those Pesky Wingull!

Thema is a Navy Pokémon Ranger who works on coastal patrol boats in Hoenn. Unfortunately for Thema, her least favourite Pokémon, wingull are quite a common sight in the high sea and they also love stealing supplies. You'll normally find her and her partner Pokémon Manectric scaring off the more aggressive Wingull at least once a day.

Caroline Layne

 caroleighlayne



Poké CrossFit

Experience the ultimate workout at Poké CrossFit! Classes offered everyday to help you and your pokémon get into fighting shape!

Skinny Cheeto

 skinny_cheeto



Pokemon Equestrian Centre

Pokemon riding is a skill in itself, and so this equestrian centre is dedicated to teaching the art to new students and professionals alike.

Suzi Blake

 suzi.b_doodles



Midnight Cuddles

A Galar region girl cozies up with her Wooloo playing video games late into the night.

Malaionus

t malaionus



Plotty

PlottyArtist



Unintentionally Scary

The delinquent is simply trying to shop but notices the Sr/Jr watching her...and intimidates them without trying.

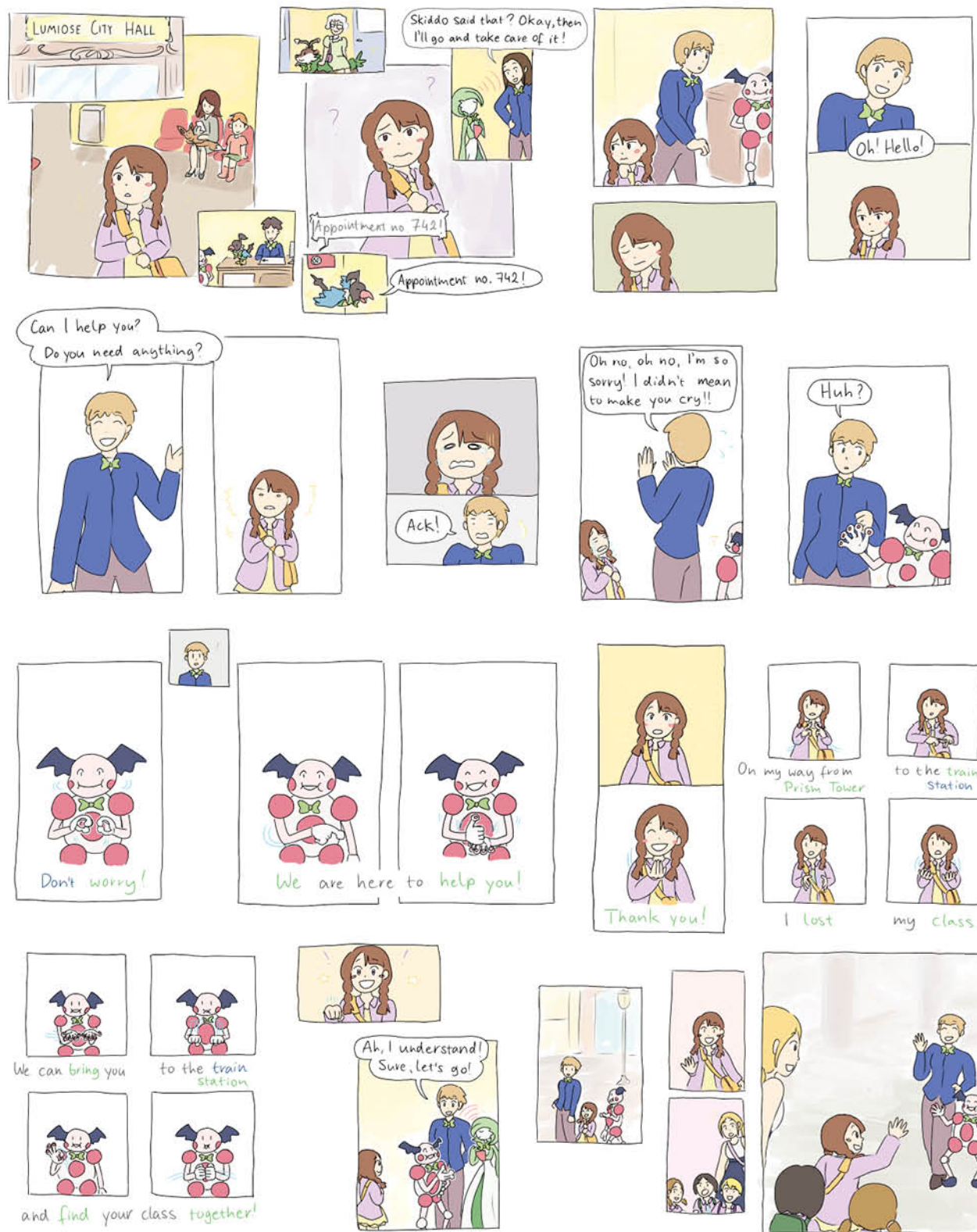
Moon myondusk

A Morning In the Fields

A young woman takes a morning stroll through her berry fields, watering them with the help of her Pokémon's Rain Dance.

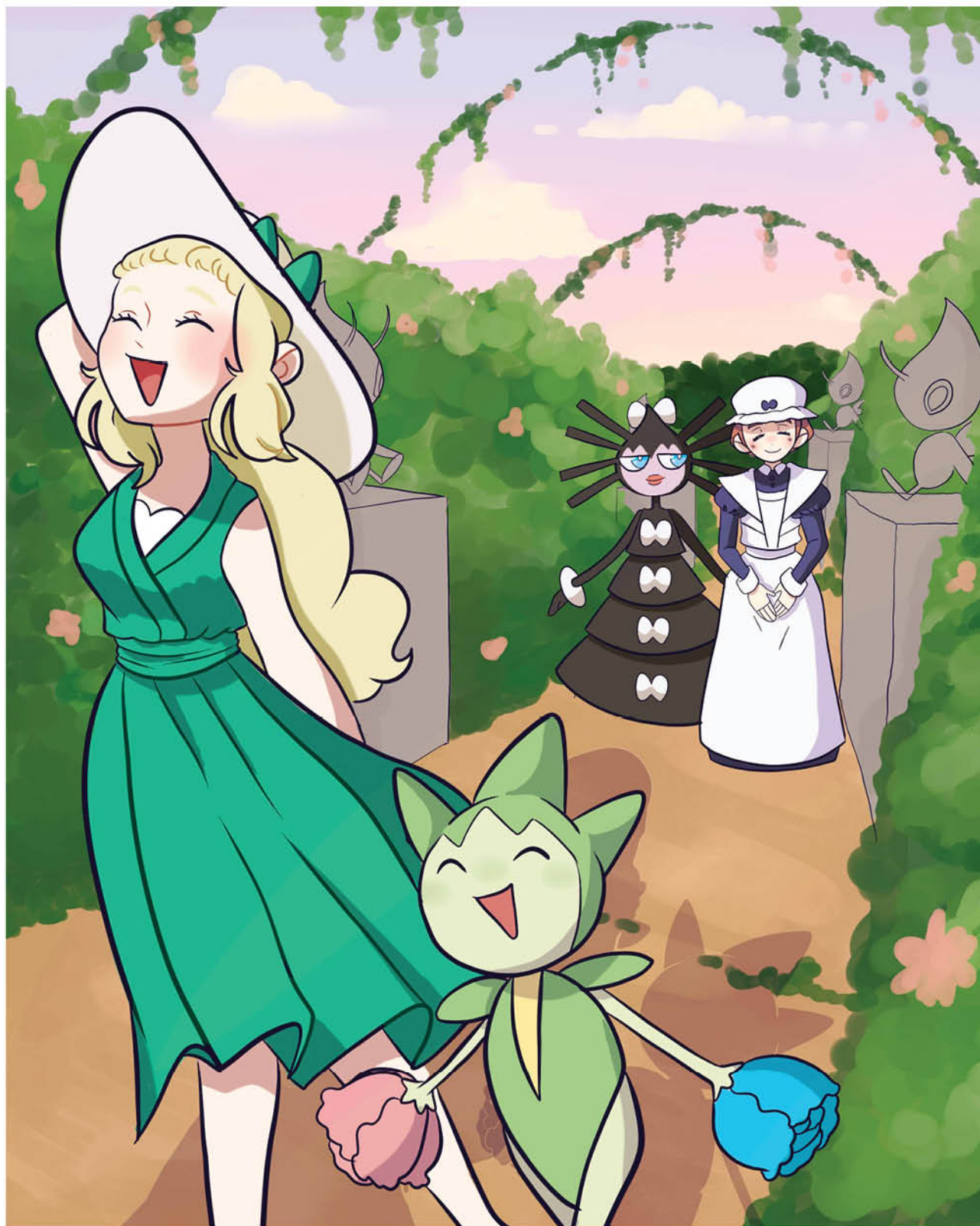
Lynnetendo

t lynnetendo



Lost in Lumiose

A shy young girl gets lost in Lumiose City and finds herself hoping for help in its friendly City Hall.

Miiya melonmii**You Are My Favorite Flower**

Larinel Fiedacan

 larinel.vincent



Hopscotch

Twins and their Pokémon playmates, Snubbull, Sunkern and Phanpy, enjoying a game of hopscotch atop a colorful blacktop playground.

Angryskitty

Delivery Service

Bird trainers send out their Pokemon to deliver the day's mail.

Dragdramane dragmiredraws

Marketplace Mishap

Every just bought some fresh malasadas when you get ambushed by a group of Munchlax? Should've paid attention to the management sign.

Shades

t matrixdigivolution



Fairy Tale Girl and Friends

A sweet Fairy Tale Girl happily plays dress up with her Pokémon partners! Her outfit is inspired by her favorite gym leader and idol, Valerie!

Cameron Cummings

t cmcameron



Fausto Garcia

 silver378



That's the Pokè Mart Difference!

At Pokè Mart we Go for amazing service! Here a clerk is helping a trainer and her Pikachu pick out the best potion to use on their journey!

Locks Fall



This Way!

A Pokémon detective rushes to the scene of the crime, but their Chandelure is quick to guide them in the right direction.

Osa

 curlytsunamiART


Sewer Muk

A pair of plumbers head down into the Hau'oli city sewers only to discover it's infested with alolan grimer and muk.

Kaitogirl

 kaitogirlsdraws



The Fruit Cart

A girl owns her own fruit cart, and she travels around the region selling the best berries, Tropius fruit and Teddiursa honey that you could ever find. Or so she says, of course. On this piece she decided to travel to a seaside town to see the palm trees and to make some more profit.

Liam Kromhout

 leoleum_art



IDAEUS FAMILY PICNIC AT THE PARK! ♡

Idaeus Family Picnic

The Idaeus family, consisting of a single father and his two sons, having a picnic in the park with their Pokémon; the elder son is taking a selfie of all of them.

Ren/fuzzyren

